

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Three Issues

OF the many topics dealt with in the official replies to the budget debate, three—Services requisitioning of civilian property, tourism and controlled rents—invite comment.

However much one may sympathise with the Services' administrative difficulties, requisitioning has not proceeded at the pace which the Colony is entitled to expect, and one suspects that the War Office, as in the case of the Queen's Road military lands, feels no real sense of urgency about this question.

La Salle College is the principal case in point. It is being used as a military hospital, yet nothing has been said about the Army building its own hospital. Surely in the knowledge that the Colony's garrison will be maintained at existing levels for a long time to come, the appropriate authorities should have by now completed preparations for the construction of a permanent hospital, thus allowing La Salle College to be released for its re-establishment as an educational institution.

The report of the committee to explore the question of tourism is promised within the next few weeks, and the hint given is that it will recommend the creation of a Hongkong Tourist Association. This in itself will be an acceptable proposal, but we feel that it comes to a question of spending public money on stimulating the tourist industry. Government must move cautiously. Heavy demands on the Treasury will not be justified unless it can be shown that the financial kudos from tourism is widely spread and benefits the community generally.

In the matter of further increases in controlled rents, we also advocate care on the part of Government. Owners of controlled business premises have a much stronger case for higher rentals than have landlords of domestic premises. The majority of tenants of controlled houses are the white collar class and the lower income earners. Any drastic increase in their rentals must create severe hardship. These are the people who still need the full protection of the Landlord and Tenant Ordinance.

BULLET SLAYS PRINCE

Son Of Spanish Pretender Dies Tragically

FATAL ATTEMPT TO

REPAIR  
PISTOL



MENZIES  
TO RESIGN  
REPORT

Canberra, March 30.

Political circles here expect Mr Robert Menzies to resign as Prime Minister of Australia this summer and to become the Australian Government representative in London.

It was believed that Mr Menzies would resign from his present office in Parliament a few weeks after returning from the British Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference in London later this year.

His resignation will come as soon as possible after the introduction of the 1956-57 budget, it is believed.

The present Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White, is due to complete his normal term of office in a few weeks, and is expected to return to Australia immediately.

Clever Operation

Moscow, Mar. 30. A Russian surgeon has successfully removed a sewing needle from a peasant woman's heart muscle in the Nikolayev region in the Ukraine, Moscow radio reported. The woman swallowed the needle accidentally.

Lisbon, Mar. 30. Prince Alfonso of Bourbon, 14-year-old son of the Spanish Pretender, accidentally shot last night when cleaning a pistol, was lying in state today in the blue suit in which he had attended Maundy Thursday service at the local church just before his death.

A usually well-informed source said today that during yesterday the Princes Alfonso and Juan Carlos had been practicing target shooting along with Prince Vittorio Emanuele, son of ex-King Umberto of Italy. Cleaning the pistol at night, the two Spanish princes were trying to remove a bullet which had got stuck in the pistol's chamber when it was accidentally discharged.

Hundreds of people called at the Villa Giraldia, at Estoril, residence of his father, Don Juan, to convey condolences. Among them were Dr Paulo Cunha, Portuguese Foreign Minister, Dr Trigo de Negreiros, Internal Affairs Minister, and a representative of Dr Antonio Salazar, the Prime Minister.

Prominent Spanish monarchists are expected to attend the boy prince's funeral, which takes place tomorrow at the cemetery of Cascais, seaside resort four miles from Estoril.

WON GOLF MATCH

Madrid newspapers today gave front page prominence to the report of the prince's death. The monarchist ABC wrote: "Interpreting the sorrow of all Spain, we offer our profound sympathy with their royal highnesses, the Count and Countess of Barcelona" (Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish throne, and his wife, the dead prince's parents).

ABC's Lisbon correspondent said the young prince yesterday won the semi-finals of the Juvenile golf championship at Estoril and was to have played in the finals today.

In Paris last night it was announced that the Pretender's elder brother, Don Jaime, had telegraphed his condolences to Don Juan.

General Franco, Spanish head of state, has been trying to persuade Don Juan to renounce his claims on the Spanish throne in favour of Prince Juan Carlos.

But although it was agreed that both Juan Carlos and Alfonso should be educated in Spain, Don Juan has not so far formally renounced his succession rights.—Reuter.

China Mail  
Feature  
Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The Post- girl who became an Empress—the story of Catherine I of Russia, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr. Seton Delmer reports on the whisper campaign against Hunsen.

P. 6: The Vengeance of Private Pooley, by Cyril Jolly.

P. 7: The greatest day of their lives—Ryder Cup captain, Dai Rees talks to George Whiting; Paul Atrechenko, a talented young Hongkong cartoonist is making a name for himself in Australia, poking fun at a stuffy old world with his pen.

P. 13: T. E. B. Clarke, famous British film scriptwriter, gives his honest opinion of Hollywood. Rene MacColl revisits Poona... but finds no poobahs there now.

P. 14: Leonard Mosley reviews Sir William Slim's new book on the Burma campaign and comments on his attack on Wingate.

P. 16 & 17: Latest local and overseas sports reviews.

France To  
Withdraw  
Troops From  
Indo-China

Paris, Mar. 30.

France is to pull out her army of 20,000 men from South Vietnam by June 30, under an agreement signed in Indo-China today, and will send some of the troops to the trouble-spots of North Africa.

The French Foreign Ministry tonight confirmed reports reaching here from Saigon that the agreement had been signed, after negotiations over a considerable period.

A preliminary settlement was reported signed a week ago.

The great problem posed by the French withdrawal and handing over of military installations is the filling of the gap, and the juridical responsibility under the Geneva truce terms which ended the Indo-China war in 1954.

South Vietnam's government does not recognise the Geneva settlement.

A WARNING

Mr G. K. Parthasarathi, chairman of the International Vietnam Truce Commission, called on President Ngo Dinh Diem last Monday and is understood to have discussed this subject in a 45-minute interview.

He is reported to have said that a serious situation would result if the French withdrawal before a decision was taken on the question of their succession, and on their commitments under the truce terms.

The Defence Ministry here said tonight that the returning troops would be given leave and afterwards posted to stations in Europe and North Africa.—Reuter.

Good Friday  
Pilgrimage

Jerusalem, Mar. 30.

An overnight thunderstorm struck Jerusalem a few hours before pilgrims—many bearing heavy crosses—set out on the way of the cross in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

The Jerusalem pilgrimage was the focal point of observances throughout the Christian world commemorating Good Friday, the day of the Crucifixion.

Two shepherds were reported to have been killed as a thunderbolt struck the field where they were sleeping. Thunder and lightning continued through the night.

But the sun appeared in patches as the ancient city once again witnessed ceremonies recalling the final hours ending in Christ's agony on the cross.—Reuter.

Bue Hits Pillar

Nine passengers in a bus travelling along Queen's Road, from East to West, were injured at about 11.50 p.m. yesterday when the vehicle crashed into a pillar outside Headquarters Land Forces Sergeant's Mess. Two of the injured have been detained in hospital.

SCM POST TODAY'S RACING

TIPS

By "YOUNG HALL"

RACE 1

(1) Appreciation  
(2) Midget  
(3) Yin Chi

RACE 2

(2) Dutch Courage  
(3) Not So Bad  
(4) Kerrera

RACE 3

(7) Rowanglen  
(8) Thunder Sky  
(9) Manx Penny

RACE 4

(14) Strathvohr  
(15) Blue Bird  
(16) Expectation

RACE 5

(3) Cheshington  
(4) Amusement  
(5) Sunstroke

RACE 6

(3) Ben Lomond  
(4) Golden Branch  
(5) Ambition

RACE 7

(17) The Kangaroo  
(18) Atomic Caesar  
(19) Illawatha

RACE 8

(7) Precious Gem  
(8) Encore  
(9) Oceanic Sky

RACE 9

(6) Phoenix  
(7) How Do I Know  
(8) Never Forget

RACE 10

(11) Tip Top  
(12) Gold Crown  
(13) Knock-down

RACE 11

(10) Queenpots  
(11) Ben Lawers  
(12) Dilkooch

RACE 12

(12) Outsider  
(13) Jethfield  
(14) Supreme Command

Place Progressives

Race 2 (8) Not So Bad  
Race 3 (1) Amusement  
Race 9 (9) How Do I Know

Holidaymakers

Forsake London

London, Mar. 30. Thousands of Britons streamed out of London by car, road, air and rail today leaving the cold, grey clouded capital in search of sunshine by the sea, aboard or in the country.

The "migration" by road started shortly after midnight. By 4 a.m., motorists determined to make the Easter weekend were forming a steady stream out of London to the West country.

Before noon nearly 10,000 cars an hour flowed to the South coast and Kent resorts in spite of a cold north wind and below seasonal average temperatures of about 46 degrees Fahrenheit.—Reuter.

Grounds For  
Divorce Judgment

Los Angeles, Mar. 30.

Political differences are not grounds for divorce, but breaking up dances can be, a court ruled here.

Actress Gloria Holiday failed to get a divorce from actor Harold Peary when she claimed he had tried to convert her from a Democrat to a Republican.

But when she alleged that he dragged her off the floor when she danced with another man at parties and took her home, the judge granted her the decree.—China Mail Special.

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Midget  
Yin Chi  
Appreciation  
Outsider—Possibility II.

RACE 2

Not So Bad  
Free Success  
Dutch Courage  
Outsider—Cursey.

RACE 3

Thunder Sky  
Rowanglen  
Trade Wind  
Outsider—Green Velvet.

RACE 4

Miracle  
Char Ting  
Fel Chi  
Outsider—Perfectionist.

RACE 5

Amusement  
Cheshington  
Sunstroke  
Outsider—Bengal Lancer.

RACE 6

Golden Branch  
Ambition  
Ben Lomond  
Outsider—Norse Girl.

RACE 7

The Kangaroo  
Cornhill  
Valbridge  
Outsider—Atomic Caesar.

RACE 8

Oceanic Sky  
Encore  
Free Kick  
Outsider—United Victory.

RACE 9

Phoenix  
Chinese Mackerel  
Highlight  
Outsider—Never Forget.

RACE 10

Rainbow  
Winsome  
Knock-again  
Outsider—Gold Crown.

RACE 11

Ben Lawers  
Queenpots  
Dilkooch  
Outsider—Quillette.

RACE 12

Outsider  
Jethfield  
Allied Victory  
Outsider—Say When.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Appreciation  
Yin Chi  
Wise Lender  
Outsider—Possibility II.

RACE 2

Not So Bad  
Dutch Courage  
Kerrera  
Outsider—Cursey.

RACE 3

First Lady  
Rowanglen  
Green Velvet  
Outsider—Congratulation.

RACE 4

Perfectionist  
Strathvohr  
Fel Chi  
Outsider—Hiram C.

RACE 5

Cheshington  
Amusement  
Sunstroke  
Outsider—Kentucky Lad.

RACE 6

Golden Branch  
Ben Lomond  
Babie  
Outsider—Cheerful.

RACE 7

The Kangaroo  
Atomic Caesar  
Snowy  
Outsider—May Blossom.

RACE 8

Precious Gem  
Encore  
Oceanic Sky  
Outsider—Fox Hunter.

RACE 9

Phoenix  
How Do I Know  
Glorious  
Outsider—Never Forget.

RACE 10

Johnbar  
Tip Top  
Knock-down  
Outsider—The Champ.

RACE 11

Queenpots  
Ben Lawers  
Dilkooch  
Outsider—Unicorn.

RACE 12

Jemima P  
Outsider  
Jethfield  
Outsider—Say When.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for the 8th race  
A repetitive type?

The teaser tip for the last meeting was Long Cue but the pony was withdrawn from the race at the last minute.

THREATENED TO KILL EISENHOWER

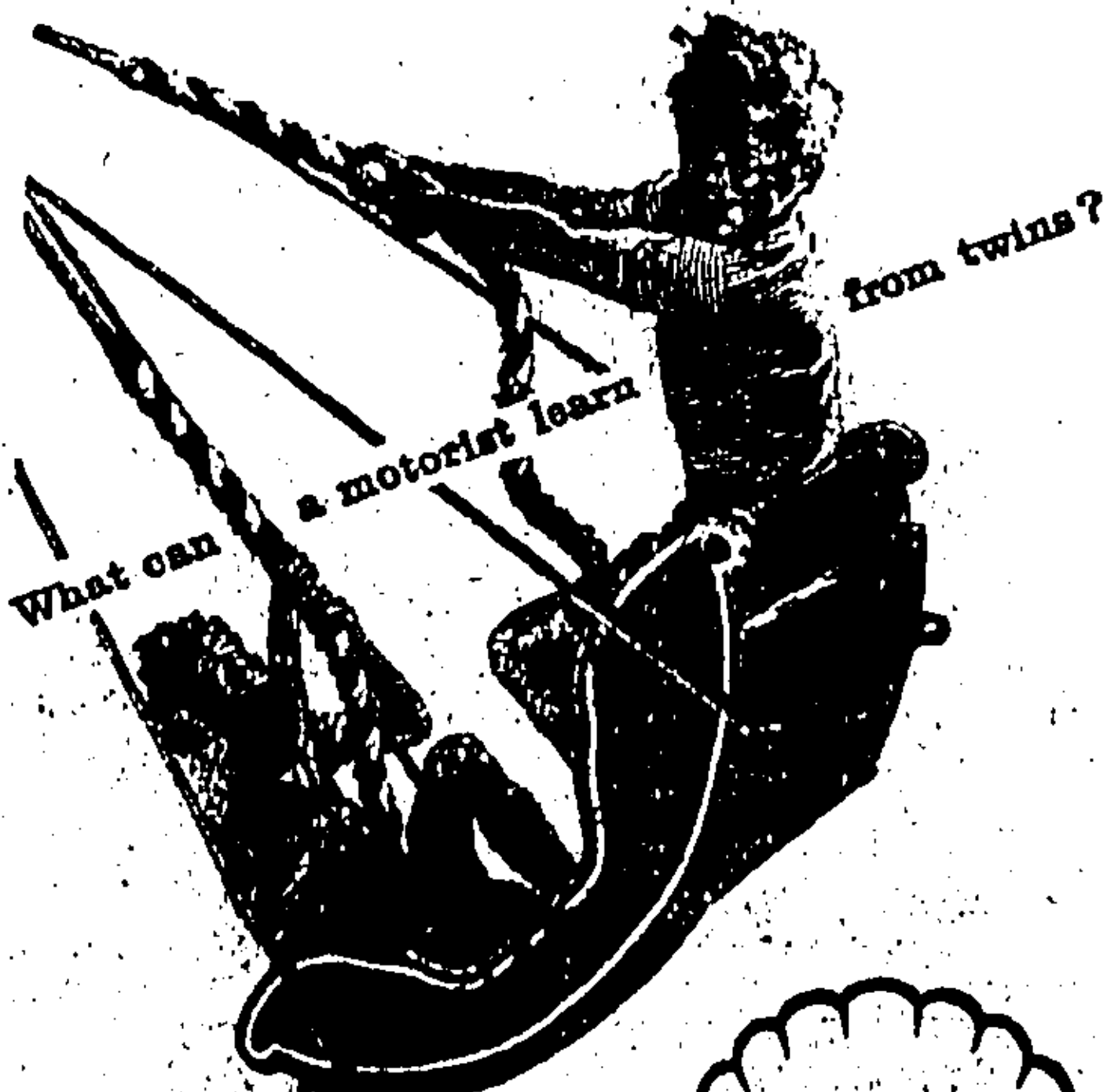
Denver, Mar. 30.

The Secret Service office here said today it has arrested a 35-year old Kentuckian who threatened to kill President Eisenhower.

The man was identified as Sam Stepp, a transient from Inez, The Secret Service reported.

that Stepp said in a hotel bar in Lawton, Okla., on Monday night that "President Eisenhower is a German SOB and if I ever get close enough to kill him, I'll kill him."

"I have a 30-30 bullet for him," he was quoted as saying, United Press.



He can learn that in a gasoline, two things are better than one. High octane is good, but high octane with I.C.A. is far better.

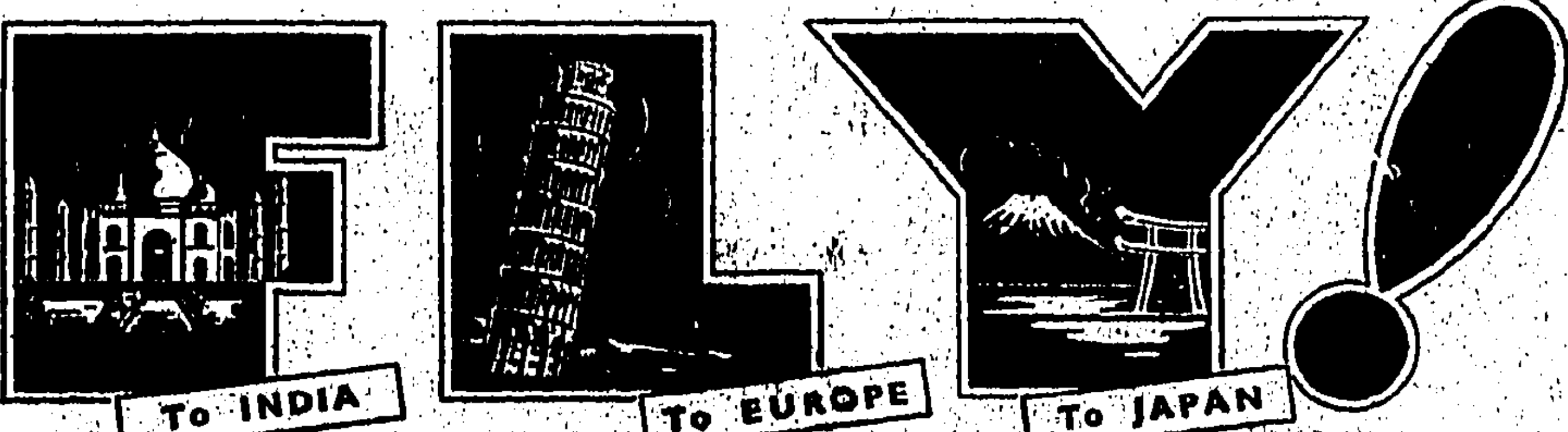
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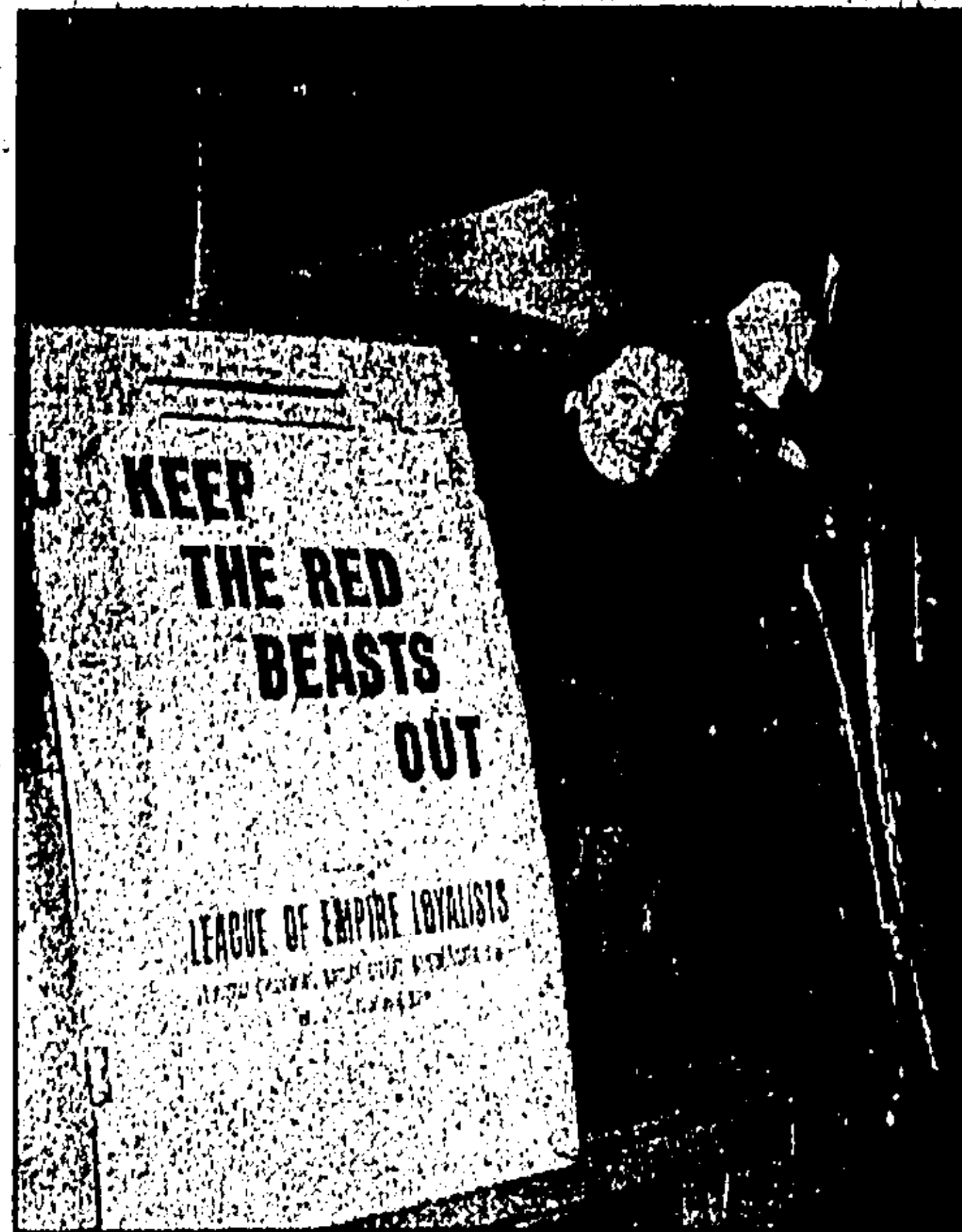




# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RACING at Sandown Park. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother presenting the Grand Military Gold Cup to Major W. David Gibson, of the Welsh Guards, who won the big race of the day on Cottage Lane. Major Gibson has now won this race four times. (Army News)



AT least one British organisation was none too pleased at the visit of Georgi Malenkov, Soviet Minister of Power Stations and former Premier. On the day of his arrival, the members aired their views with posters and pamphlets. (Express)



SPRING comes to the mews of Buckingham Palace, and sees Princess Margaret riding one of her sister's favourite mounts, Atlanta. Walking alongside is 21-year-old Caroline Sale, daughter of the Crown Equerry. (Express)



ITALIAN dress designer Roberto Capucci, 26-year-old prodigy of the business, is in London with 16 dresses and his "Inspiration Girl." She is Loredana Favone, seen here with Capucci. She is business manager of the Capucci fashion house. Her husband is a public relations man in Rome. (Express)



SPRING scene in London. A shoe fashion photographer makes good use of London's fine spell of weather and of the St James's Park lake, with its birds, as a background for his pictures. (Army News)



THEY cost more than any other aircraft the Royal Air Force has ever owned. They are the most powerful, too. One of these new Vickers Valiants can deliver greater hitting power than the whole of Bomber Command at the peak of its strength during World War II. (Express)

BELOW: The 900-ton Soviet cargo ship Krymov aground four miles north of Aberdeen, Scotland. The ship sent out an SOS, a request for a tug and fired star shells, but then ignored all offers of assistance. The Russians made no attempt to haul in the full length of rope after a rocket had reached her from shore. (Express)

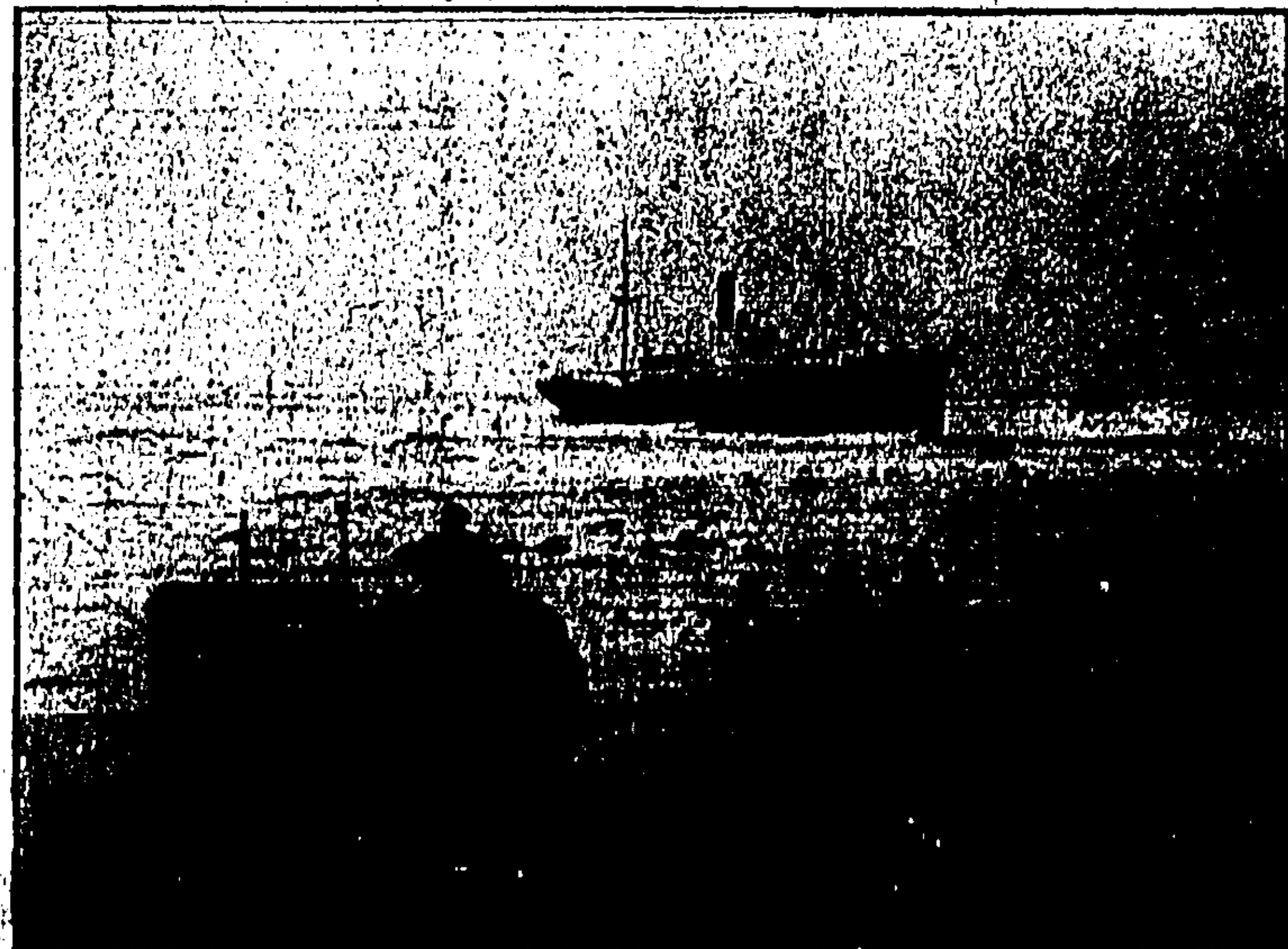


MISS Joan Howson, 70-year-old London woman, has just finished painting a glass memorial to the late Queen Mary. The windows—six of them—are for the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, off the Strand. (Express)

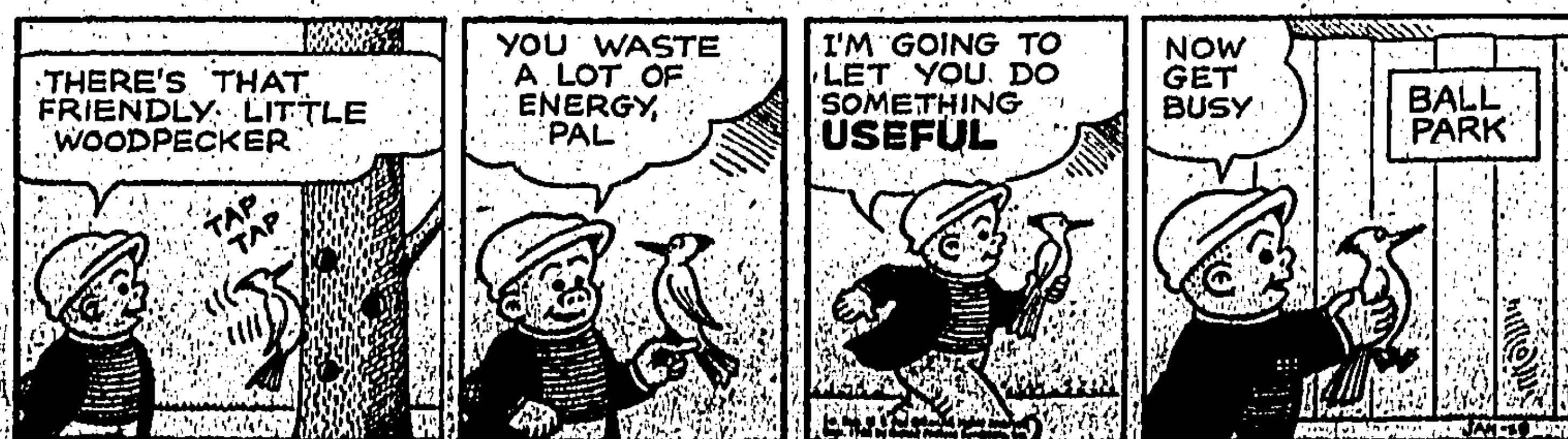


EVE BOSWELL singing "Sugar Bush" at the Empress Hall, London. Some 6,300 pop fans crowded into the place to see a galaxy of top recording stars in the popular music field perform. The show was put on by the Daily Express in association with the Stars' Organisation for Spastics. (Express)

LEFT: Golden-haired Miss Mary Auld, a six-foot Australian girl of 22 who has hitch-hiked all over Europe. For three years she saved her pay to go to England to see the Coronation. Then she spent much of her time later touring Europe, spending not a penny on transportation. In Britain, she has hitch-hiked from Scotland to Devon. (Express)



## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

## ROWNTREES





## WHISPER CAMPAIGN AGAINST HUSSEIN

From  
Sefton Delmer

Amman. A DANGEROUS slump threatens the young King Hussein's newly-acquired popularity. In the bazaars, in mosques—everywhere, in fact where men meet—Saudi-paid agitators are busy questioning whether the King's removal of General Glubb from command of the Arab Legion was not just a clever stratagem worked out with the "cunning British."

They criticise the King for his refusal to attend the Cairo conference with the three anti-Western Arab states. They attack him bitterly for meeting the "British slave" Nuri Said, pro-Western Premier of Iraq, at a secret desert rendezvous with his cousin King Faisal.

Above all, they are trying to raise popular feeling against him for his refusal to accept provincial financial aid from Egypt and Saudi Arabia in place of the British subsidy.

Fantastic rumours are going around that the Secretary of the Arab League, Ahmed Shukeiri, now in Amman, has brought with him an offer of £15,000,000 a year for 20 years, and that the King turned it down because he prefers to receive aid from Britain and Iraq.

### PALACE ALARMED

Premier Rifaat assured me that no conflict of interest had been made.

The rumours and agitation have been so effective that an alarmed Palace, and even more alarmed Cabinet, attempted to counter them with two announcements.

The first stated that King Hussein would shortly be going on a tour of Arab capitals, and that the first two stops would be Nasser's capital, Cairo and King Saud's capital, Riyadh. The second was a long policy declaration by Prince Samir Rifaat, assuring the Jordanian public that the King is determined on a policy of Arab unity, and means to keep free of a unilateral commitment to either of the two camps into which the Arab world is now split—Nasser's pan-Arabist group or Nuri's anti-Communist Baghdad Pact.

Jordan is committed by a strong military alliance to Iraq and Britain, so whether she formally joins it or not she is in the Baghdad Pact as long as she doesn't repudiate those alliances. Arab unity? Delighted to receive any and every aid which her Arab brethren may like to give, always providing, of course, that it is additional to the aid from Britain and not intended to replace it.

### KNOWN POLICY

And so the Government statement goes on, explaining once more the main points of the King's and Government's known policy.

Will the King's proposed tour—and so far it's nothing more than a proposal—and the Cabinet's declaration achieve their object in the face of the new flood of underground political warfare let loose against him from Cairo?

A lot depends on the Army. And now that he himself has got rid of that old trusted guarantor of the Army's loyalty, General Glubb, it is impossible to predict the Army's reaction with the same certainty we could only a few weeks ago.

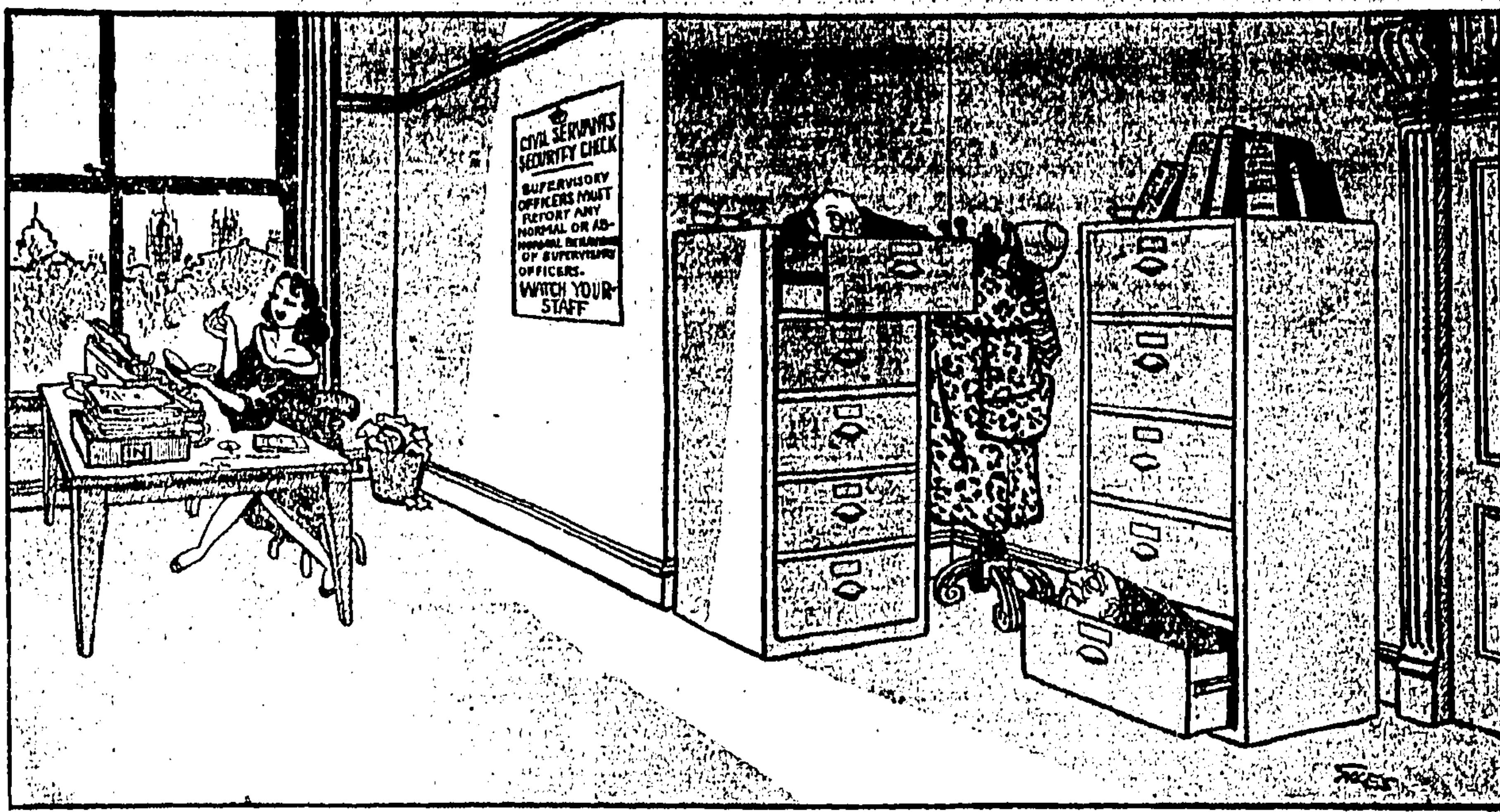
But I can say that in all the political conversations I have had with Army officers during the last few days, both in Amman and along the Israeli frontier, I have found them unequivocal in their support both of the King and his policies.

Meanwhile, I understand Sir Anthony Eden has changed his mind about recalling those 15 Arab Legion officers. The only officers being recalled to Britain now I gather, are the original eight unit commanders, who were deprived of their commands by the King during the first 24 hours following his sacking of General Glubb.

### AS INSTRUCTORS

For the remainder, all the British Government is insisting on now is that none of them are to hold an executive command in the Legion in future. If it can be arranged that their function is to be purely that of advisers and instructors, they will be allowed to remain—if they choose to.

Mind you, not for ever and ever. Only until fresh officers can be sent out who have not been through the unpleasant and undignified experience, which was a British officer's fate during these early hours of the Glubb drama when they were confined under guard—Arab and Arab Legion alike—quarrelling as to who was going to take their jobs.



"All right, MacBurger. I'm watching the senior typist's room"

## THIS CINDERELLA HAD NO FAIRY GODMOTHER

# THE POT-GIRL WHO BECAME AN EMPRESS

THERE are still girls who cherish the hope of meeting a dashing young prince, though today such dreams may be modified slightly to accept the possibility of someone not of the blood royal, someone with perhaps just a little less than a million in the bank. Even so, the basic Cinderella dream persists.

The original "Cinders," an unloved daughter of a baron, rose to fame and fortune by way of a fairy-godmother's wand. But Russia (and this is no neo-Marxist invention) can boast of a girl who far outshone Cinderella—and all without so much as a transfigured pumpkin.

Martha the pot-girl, born in a Lithuanian peasant's hovel, became the first Empress that ever ruled over Russia. To the end she remained almost illiterate and without political ambition; yet she was prodigiously extravagant, uncommonly shrewd and constantly good-natured.

### No Magic Wands

MARTHA Skavronskaya, born in 1883, was orphaned within a few years and taken into the family of Pastor Gluck, Protestant superintendent of the Marienburg district of East Prussia. There she learned to scrub floors, polish furniture and run errands—a drudge deprived of any form of education or love.

The years went by and, of course, there were no magic wands, no glass slippers for Martha though she grew up with a pretty face and an enviable figure duly resented by the "ugly sisters" of the family.

But it was no spinning prince who whisked Martha out of her kitchen. Johan Svendsen was a sergeant in the Swedish Dragoons. Martha was an immature 18. And the marriage didn't last: within six months her sergeant had fled before the invading Russian Army.

Martha was taken prisoner with thousands of other civilians and joined in the long march back to

Moscow. The male prisoners were put to work as common labourers, herded about in a sort of mobile concentration camp, never to meet their women-folk again. The women were appropriated by Russians of all ranks, to be swapped, sold or bargained for.

Martha found herself the property of another sergeant, who finally sold her for a rouble to his commanding general, an old war-horse of a nobleman, Sheremetiev. As his housekeeper she found herself once more in the kitchen. But the general was an old man. One day he was visited by a prince, who was not only an upstart one to be sure, for he began life selling pies) but one of Peter the Great's most influential advisers.

Catherine I of Russia

## One of the World's Strangest Stories by C. D. T. BAKER-CARR

Unwisely, Sheremetiev began boasting about his Martha—"so lively, so merry, like fire. A girl in a thousand."

She was sent for and Sheremetiev recalled later: "I was taken with her from the start: not that she was some kind of painted beauty, but pleasant, with a ringing voice, bright eyes and curly locks." Then he kissed her. "That kiss burnt me, I couldn't think of anything else. My blood raced in my veins."

The moment had come for Martha to take another big step up the ladder of society.

"Give me that girl," Menshikov commanded. "You can have my palace, my last shirt. You can't imagine how I feel. And, besides, you have a wife and children—

General Sheremetiev wept at his loss as Menshikov consolidated his victory by putting Martha into a carriage and heading straight for home.

Prince Menshikov was delighted with his new discovery. Not only did she decorate his home, entertain



His fits of royal rage were increasing. Clearly something had to be done: for when Peter became really angry and his eyes began to roll—then heads were likely to follow suit. No girl, was too great, decided Menshikov.

Slyling he broached the subject of Anna Mons and her abrupt departure, leading on to the subject of Martha's charms. Finally Peter asked to see the girl whose name was now a household word wherever vodka flowed.

Peter the Great was sitting in an armchair in front of a roaring fire when she came in straight from the kitchens and stood before her ruler in her apron. Without a trace of shyness she recounted her life story, while the flushing of her eyes and her dark, shining hair cast a spell over Peter—and gloom over Menshikov.

"The glasses were refilled time and again. Night drew on. Peter stood up and yawned. 'I'm going to bed,' he said. He turned to the girl and spoke the casual words which were to change the course of history: 'Take the candle and show me the way.'

### Bogus Marriage

SO Martha—now nicknamed Catherine—became Mistress of Russia. But, oddly enough, she shared her affection between both Peter and Menshikov for some time and neither seemed to mind. Ultimately, of course, the situation became intolerable—it was ridiculous that the first minister should have a call upon his master's favourite.

So Peter the Great gently reminded his friend that he was hardly doing the right thing by his fiancée, Daria Arsenyevna. Menshikov took the hint and married Daria early the following year. Peter attended the wedding with Catherine, whose position was already arousing the ire of the more old-fashioned Russian noblemen. They objected to her not on moral grounds but because she was both a nobody and a foreigner.

But Catherine was having a remarkable effect on Peter. Only she could curb him in his violent temper and keep him contented. And it seems that she was really in love with Peter. Technically, he was not free to marry her, since his wife, Eudoxia, was still very much alive; but for a Tsar such an impediment is but temporary. He banished Eudoxia to a convent for life and proclaimed a divorce.

Peter had, in fact, secretly married Catherine in St. Petersburg in 1700, only a few months after Menshikov's wedding. The first period of this bogus marriage lasted for five years, during which Peter could have divorced her like any of his former mistresses—but he didn't. "I'm not going to let her go," he said. "She's mine."

She accompanied him on most of his campaigns and was with him at the fateful meeting with the Turks at Pruthi, when his army was completely outnumbered. Catherine is reputed to have bought their freedom with cartloads of her personal jewellery.

Martha finally became Catherine after the birth of her first child. She was re-baptised into the Orthodox Church and her step-son Alexis (Peter's heir) stood sponsor. Finally, in February 1711, with Eudoxia safely out of the way, Peter and Catherine were officially married in St. Petersburg amid wild, bacchanalian celebrations. By that time Catherine had borne him two daughters (Anna in 1708; Elizabeth in 1709) and two sons who died at birth.

### A Play-actress

IN 1717 Peter and Catherine visited Germany and there nine-year-old Wilhelmina, a sister of Frederick the Great, wrote precociously in her diary: "The Tsarlet was a little stumpy body, very hairy, and had neither an nose nor ears; you only needed to look at her to guess her low extraction."

"With her huddle of clothes she looked for all the world like a German play-actress; her dress you would have said had been bought at a second-hand shop; all was out of fashion, set with very poor little diamonds, of the smallest possible cost and very ill mounted.... All along the facing of her gown were little things of metal; a dozen Orders and as many portraits of Saints, of relics and the like, so that when she walked it was with a jingling, as if you heard a snail with bells to its harness. 'The Tsar, on the other hand, was very tall and might be called handsome.'"

In 1722, by imperial ukase, Peter proclaimed that the next sovereign should be whichever person he named as his successor. Obviously he was paying the way for Catherine to take over on his death.

Two years later, on May 7, 1724, Catherine was crowned Empress-Consort in the Uspenskiy Cathedral in Moscow. She travelled in a glittering carriage and wore a crown studded with 2,504 jewels, topped by a ruby the size of a pigeon's egg.... A far cry indeed from the kitchens of Frau Gluck at Marienburg.

### Not Faithful

PETER the Great was not totally faithful to his wife—and Catherine herself was no better. Her chief adviser and confidant was one William Munn—brother of the discarded Anna.

In 1724 Peter was in one of his rages, and vented it on Munn. He went to the block and Peter, suspecting that he had been Catherine's lover, thought it a nice touch to have Munn's head pickled, placed in a glass jar... and set on his wife's mantelpiece!

But the end was in sight. On the afternoon of January 27, 1725, Peter lay dying. He called for writing materials and attempted to write a will, but fell into a coma. At two the next morning, Catherine closed his eyes for the last time.

Menshikov acted swiftly and with public acclamation Catherine was appointed Empress—the first ever to rule Russia. The pot-girl from Lithuania had reached her zenith—but her reign was short. She died on May 18, 1727.

## When friends meet



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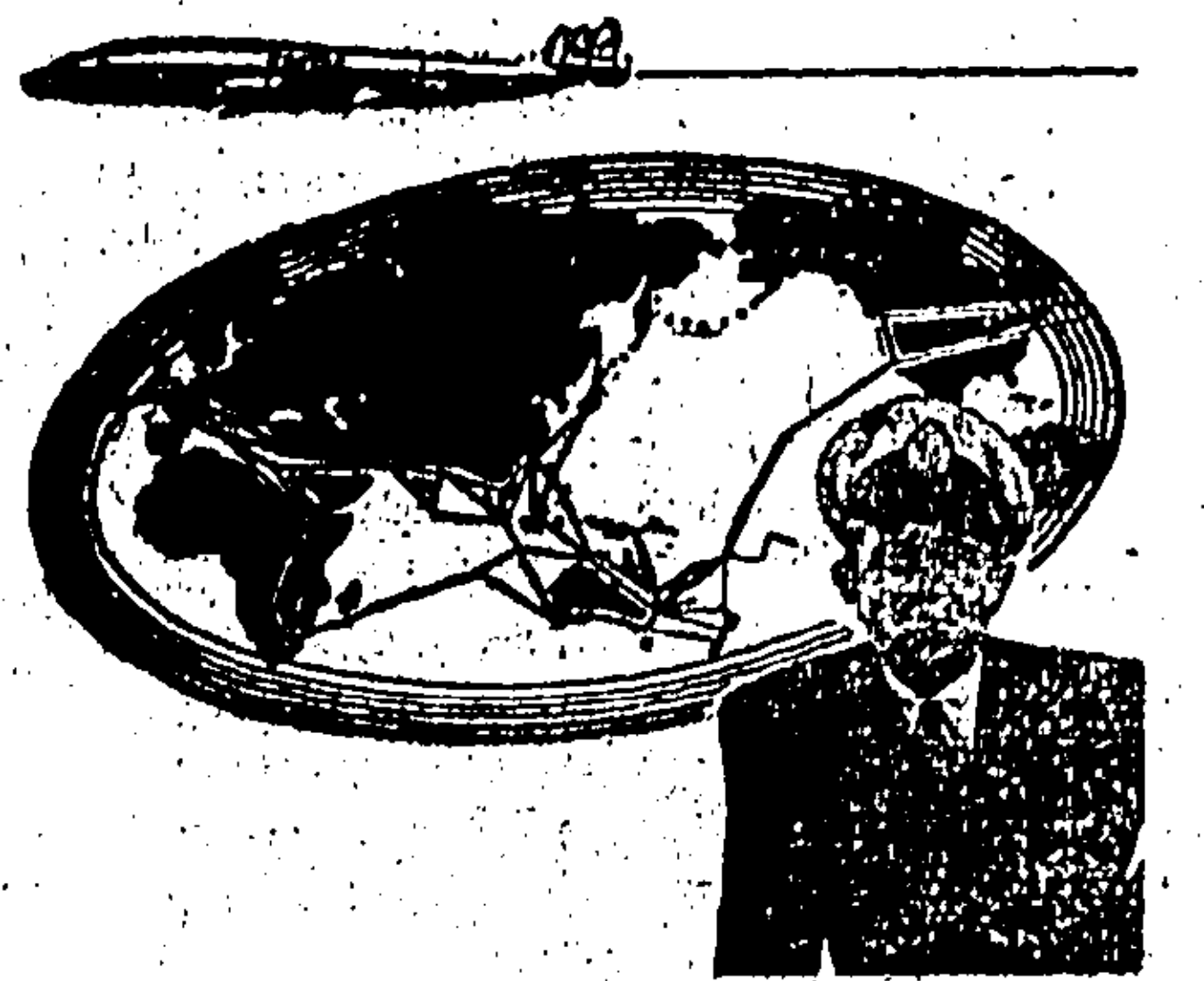


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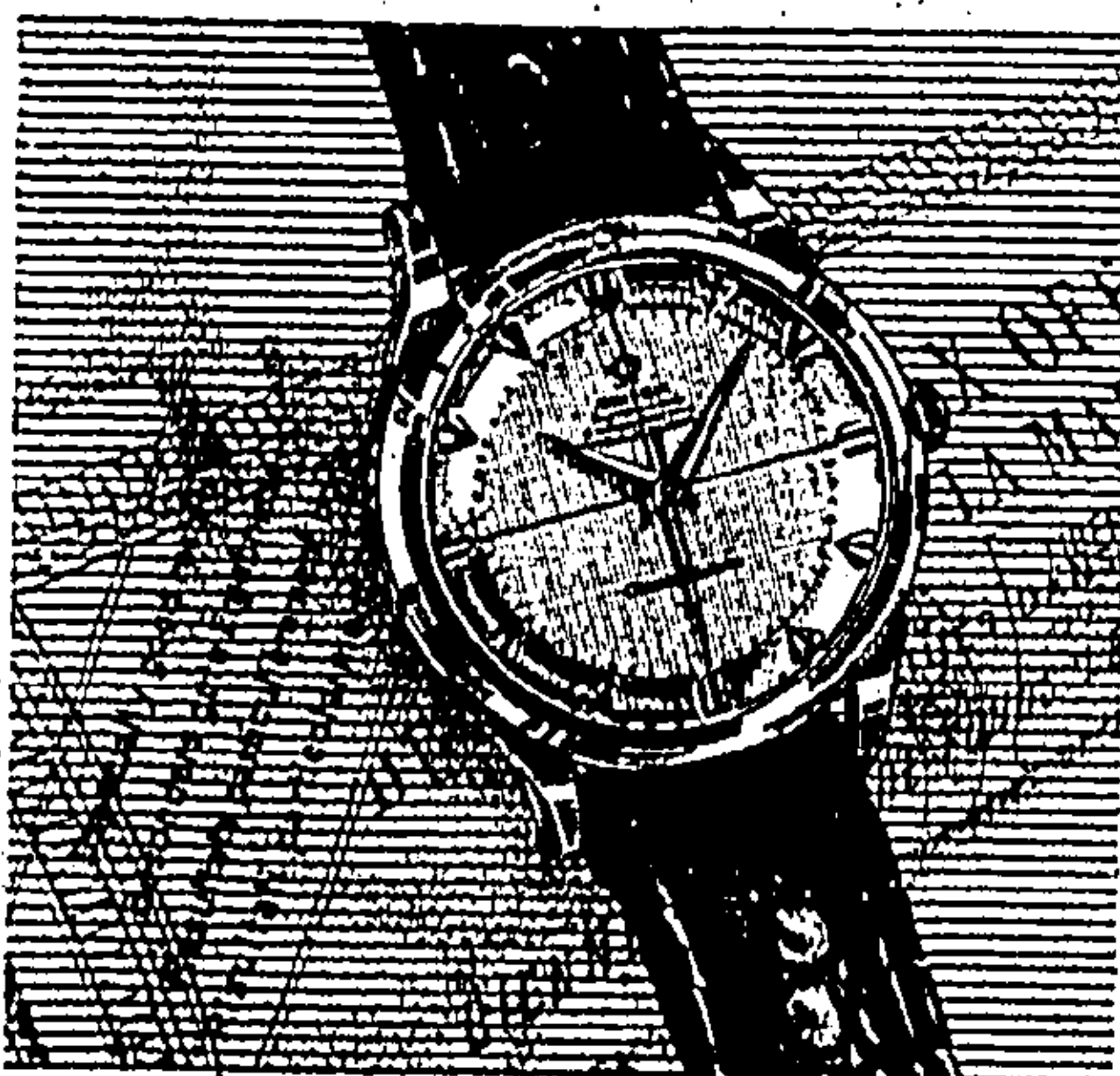
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# The TERRIBLE DILEMMA that faced O'Callaghan

A voice called out . . . somewhere there was another survivor. Should he go back—and risk THREE lives?

## THE STORY SO FAR

NEARLY a hundred officers and men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment surrendered to the Germans in May 1940 at Le Paradis in the north of France. In spite of their status as prisoners of war protected by the Geneva Convention, they are massacred by two machine guns. Only two privates—Albert Pooley and William O'Callaghan—escape. After the Germans have left the field of murder, O'Callaghan goes off to reconnoitre some farm buildings, while Pooley, badly wounded in the leg, lies helpless beside the corpses of his comrades. He vows to avenge their death, and takes a lighter from the pocket of one of them as a pledge that he means to bring the war criminals to justice.

shadows cast by the fitful red light from the fire, a voice moaned. It said, "Get me out of the rain. Get me out of the rain."

Among the ninety-odd dead someone was still alive. Someone who had probably heard O'Callaghan's running footsteps and, not caring whether it was friend or foe, had moaned for help.

That frightful moment has never lost its horror.

The decision O'Callaghan had to make was the most appalling of his life. The Germans were close, the light from the fire was sufficient to betray any movement. Across the meadow was his sorely wounded comrade.

O'Callaghan paused, clutching the precious

covery would have been certain when daylight came.

Can you manage to crawl some of the way?" asked O'Callaghan. He felt himself unable to carry Pooley any further. Pooley began dragging himself backwards in a sitting position through the green corn.

It was slow, agonising progress, and Pooley had to rest after every few yards, but those few yards were getting him farther away from the Germans in the farm, and after what they had experienced at German hands, any suffering was preferable to recapture.

In front of them they could just make out the outline of some buildings. They had reached the end of the field and were approaching another farm. They edged forward and saw



The lorry stood within three yards of them. The cab door opened . . . and men jumped out.

O'Callaghan had come through the ordeal with comparatively little injury. The sleeve of his tunic had been pierced by four bullets, but two had entirely missed his flesh, the third had made a superficial wound, and the fourth had cut along the flesh between elbow and wrist. It had not lodged in the arm. But he felt stiff and sore. His clothes had dried on him. He was hungry and uncomfortable.

There was no sign of human life anywhere in the farmyard. O'Callaghan decided to find a more sheltered hiding place. He discovered a space, about a yard wide, between a wooden pile and a hedge. A leafy scrub served as door. The place was safer to hide in than the open barn.

## A lorry

The two men had hardly moved in when a lorry turned into the farm entrance. O'Callaghan said: "Berl, there's a Jerry lorry coming for us."

Pooley swore.

O'Callaghan crawled as far into the cubby-hole with Pooley as he could and lay motionless.

The lorry stopped within three yards of them. The cab door opened and men jumped out. The two Englishmen looked at one another and silently gripped each other's hand.

The footsteps did not seem to come closer. When the lorry moved away O'Callaghan's curiosity overcame his caution. He looked through his peephole. The lorry had driven into a field.

"They're picking up their dead," O'Callaghan whispered. He saw the German party pick up six or seven bodies before they left. The Norfolk Battalion had defended the farm strenuously and made the Germans pay for its capture.

## Desperate

The two men had had nothing much to eat since about 3 a.m. on the previous day, and only small tins of ditch-water to drink. Pooley was desperate for water.

Near the farmhouse O'Callaghan found a cup and a saucepan. He bled water from the puddles into the saucepan, trying not to stir it up.

Later that afternoon he found a better hiding place. Turning two pigs out of a sty, he cleaned it out with his hands and a piece of board. Then he went on a foraging expedition and returned with an armful of straw.

The pigsty took on a new look. It was whitewashed and about eight feet square with a semi-circular opening in the outer wall for light.

There was also an opening near the floor through which food was shot into the pigs' trough.

O'Callaghan managed to carry Pooley to the pigsty and set him down near the entrance. Through the feeding hole Pooley could see the floor of a passageway,

but he could not see outside. Through the hours of daylight he could only study the white-washed benches and the flies crawling on them.

This was to be their home for nine days and nights. But the two men who had survived the massacre were glad of the shelter. Food was the next problem.

O'Callaghan ate some raw potatoes, peeled with a razor blade hidden in Pooley's battle blouse, but Pooley could not bring himself to tackle them.

Some hens were wandering about the yard, but O'Callaghan was afraid to make a grab at them because of the squawking they would make.

Now there was time for O'Callaghan to dress Pooley's terrible wounds as best he could. But all he had in the way of surgical supplies was a nail-file and a field dressing.

Two more nights and a day passed slowly. Then came another scare. A column of German troops halted in the road, and several men came into the farmyard.

One German even entered the passageway from the courtyard. Through a small hole in the wall they saw a jackboot.

## A command

The boot-encased leg paused. From the road came a shouted command. The German in the passageway turned within one pace of the doorway to the pigsty and ran out of the building and the farmyard.

Some hours later they again heard footsteps coming to the farm. O'Callaghan peeped cautiously out and saw a Frenchwoman and a lad of about 12 years approaching.

He watched from the passageway as they entered the farmyard. The woman, in her late thirties, with fair hair and a fresh complexion, looked about her in such a distressed manner that O'Callaghan guessed she was the owner of the farm.

Madame Duquenne—Creton, wife of the farmer, was, in fact, returning to her home for the first time since the fighting. The boy at her side was nervous and obviously frightened.

The woman entered the passageway. She bent down to pick up something, and as she did so, she glanced through the puddles into the wall and saw a uniformed trouser leg.

## A shriek

She gave a shriek, and ran screaming across the yard. The frightened boy ran shouting after her.

O'Callaghan jumped to his feet and ran out into the courtyard, calling to the woman to stop. He got as far as the roadway before he realised his danger.

(COPYRIGHT)

NEXT SATURDAY:  
Disbelieved For The First Time

## THE VENGEANCE OF PRIVATE POOLEY

adapted from  
the bookBy CYRIL  
JOLLY

blanket, half turned, and then realising how desperate was the situation he and Pooley were already in, turned back and ran another forty or fifty paces before slowing to a walk.

It was a nightmare situation. Had he gone back it would almost certainly have meant death for all three, for the Germans wanted no survivors of that atrocity.

As O'Callaghan reached Pooley and gave him the blanket, a shot rang out. O'Callaghan felt that someone else, a German, had heard the voice among the dead.

## The worst

The two men lay silent in the face of their predicament and the hideous things that had happened to them. This last blow seemed almost the worst. They could not talk about it, but sat in the rain sharing the blanket, watching the fire, and trying to find the easiest position for their sodden and pain-racked bodies.

O'Callaghan decided they must find some sort of hiding place while it was still dark. Somehow he got the six-foot Pooley on to his back again and struggled to the edge of the field. He alighted sideways into a large ditch without falling.

Pooley cursed and groaned as his injured leg went into the cold water. They struggled out on the other side of the ditch and fell on to the top of the bank completely exhausted. Quite unknowingly they had been going in the one direction where shelter was to be had. Any other direction would have led over open fields where dis-

the post of a barbed-wire fence. Twenty or 30 yards beyond the fence stood a Dutch barn. Here was the prospect of shelter, perhaps food, and a hiding place.

Pooley had almost reached his utmost endurance. They were over a quarter of a mile from the scene of the shooting. His friend half carried him across the farmyard and under the roof of the barn where there were luxuries—clean straw and sacks.

O'Callaghan laid Pooley on some straw under a wagon, took off his soaked battle blouse and covered him with sacks. He also got rid of some of his own wet clothes, and wrapped himself up like a cocoon in French sacks, and was asleep almost before his head touched the folded sack he used for a pillow.

## Haggard

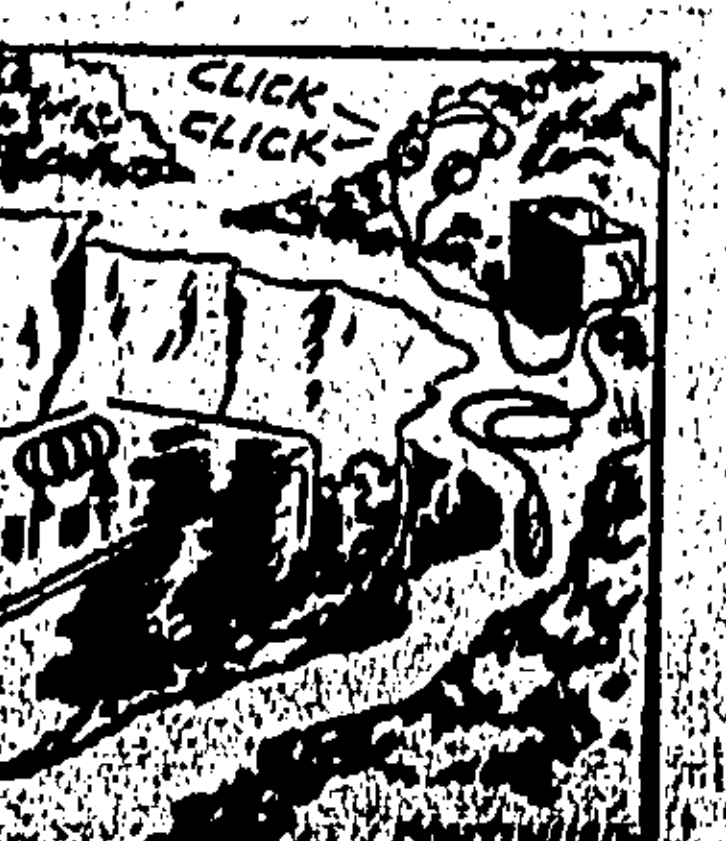
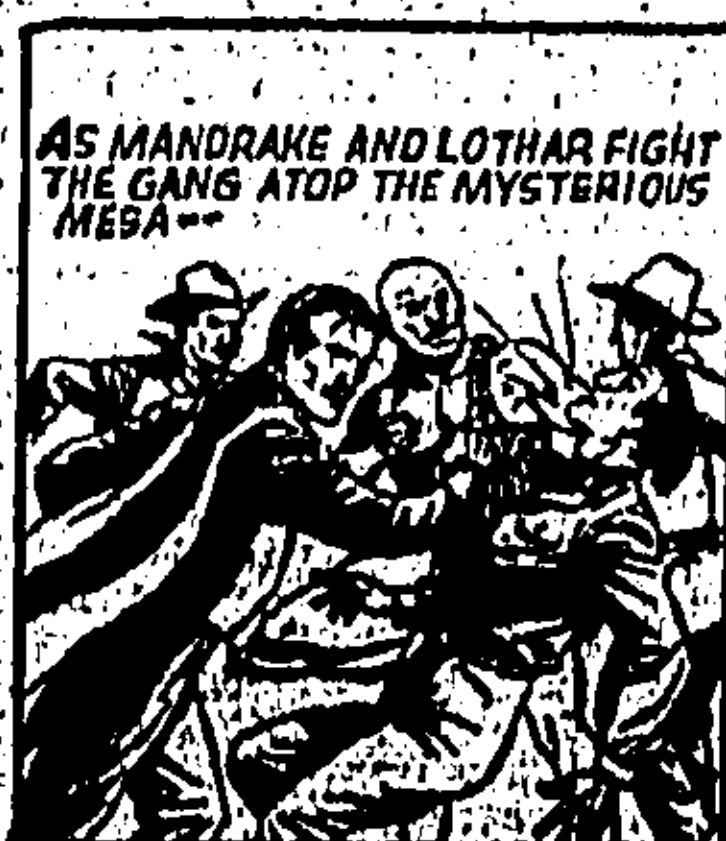
Pooley's last memory was of rain drumming on the iron roof above him. Then he passed into a merciful sleep of exhaustion and forgetfulness.

In the morning O'Callaghan had a look at Pooley's wounds. Pooley was in a pitiable state. His face was haggard with pain and loss of blood. His uniform was wet and mud-covered from dragging himself through the wet field.

The left leg had been shot through and some of the bullets were still in the flesh. There was a hole big enough to lay a man's flat in, and the raw flesh was covered with congealed blood and earth.

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

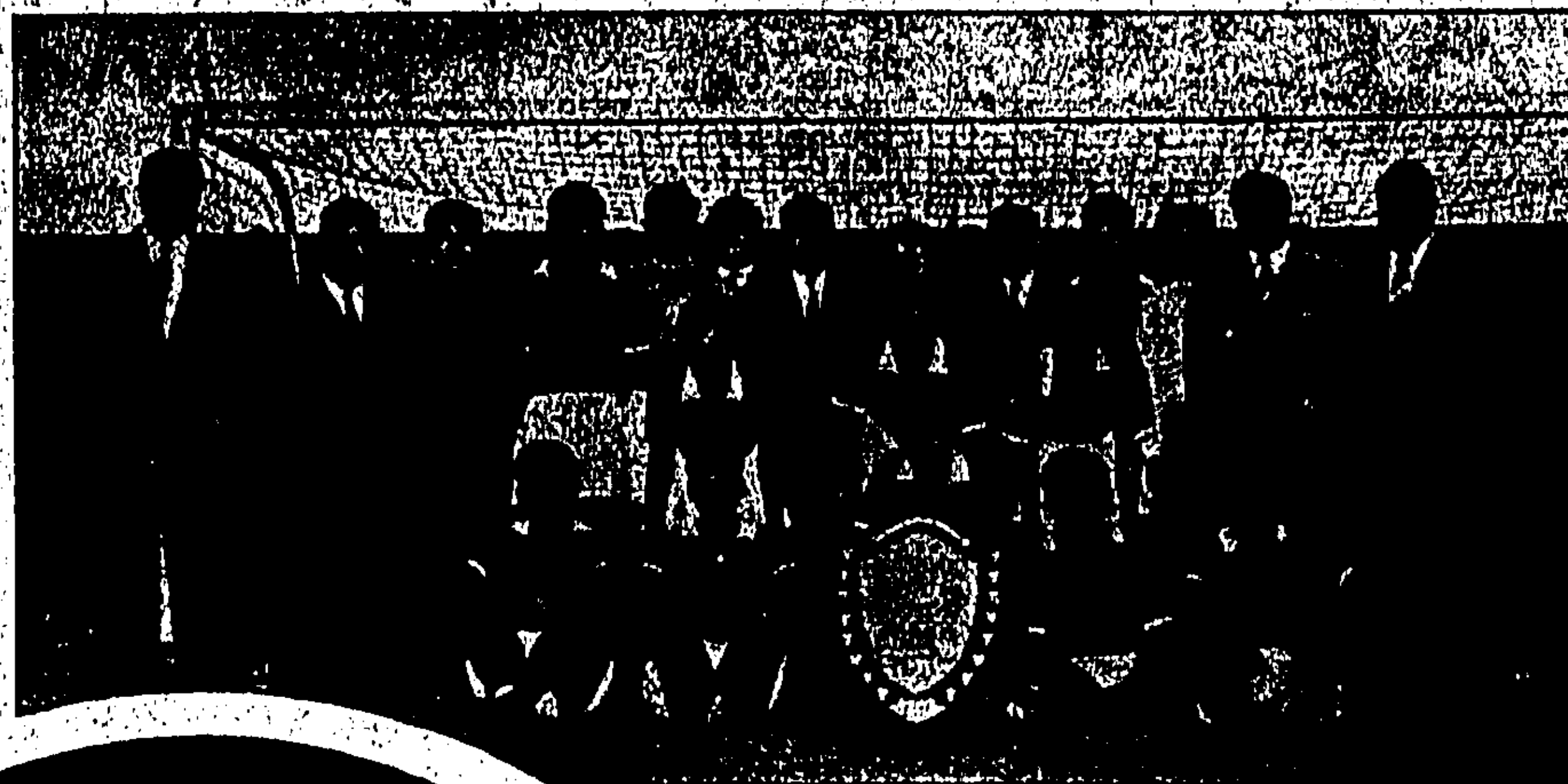
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



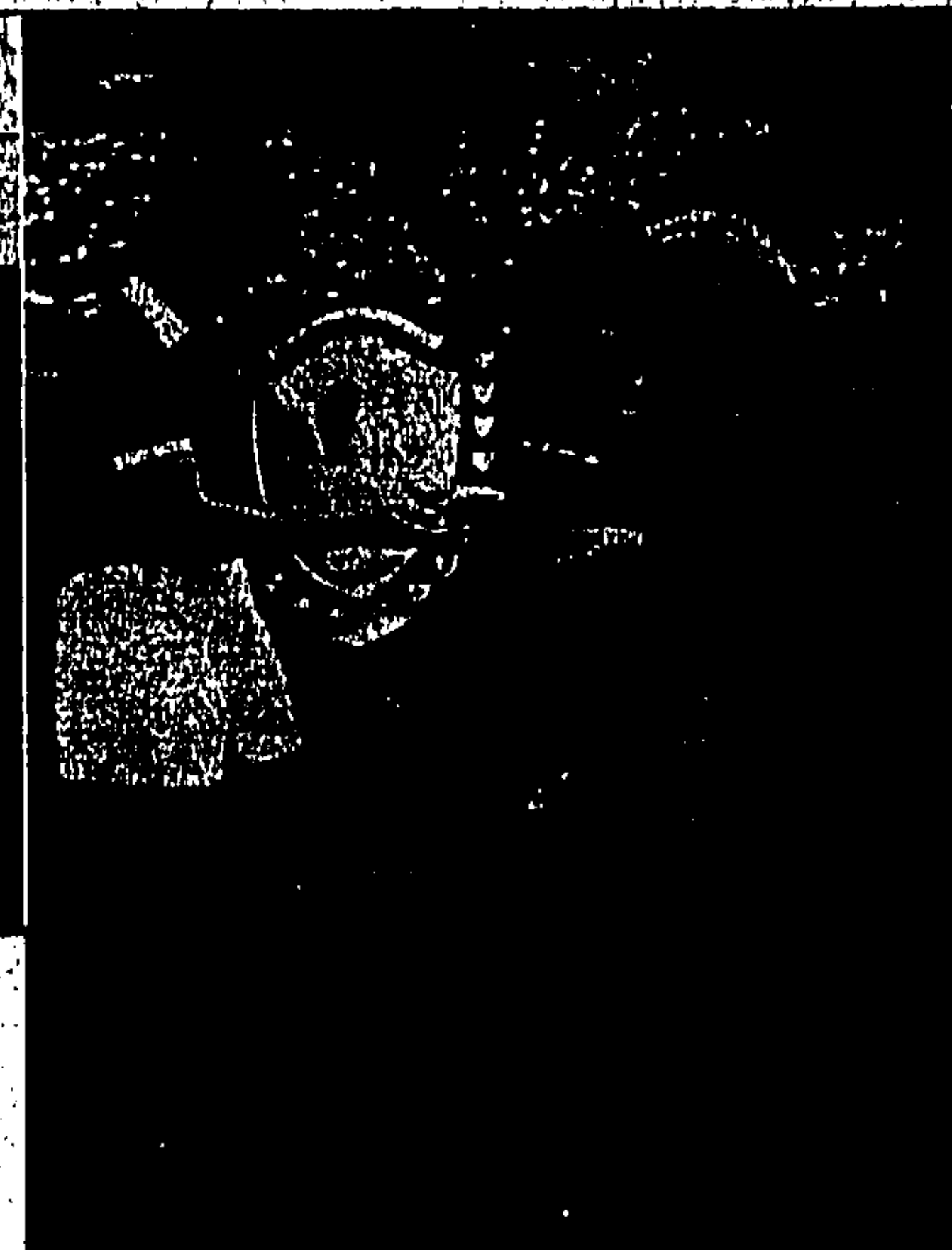




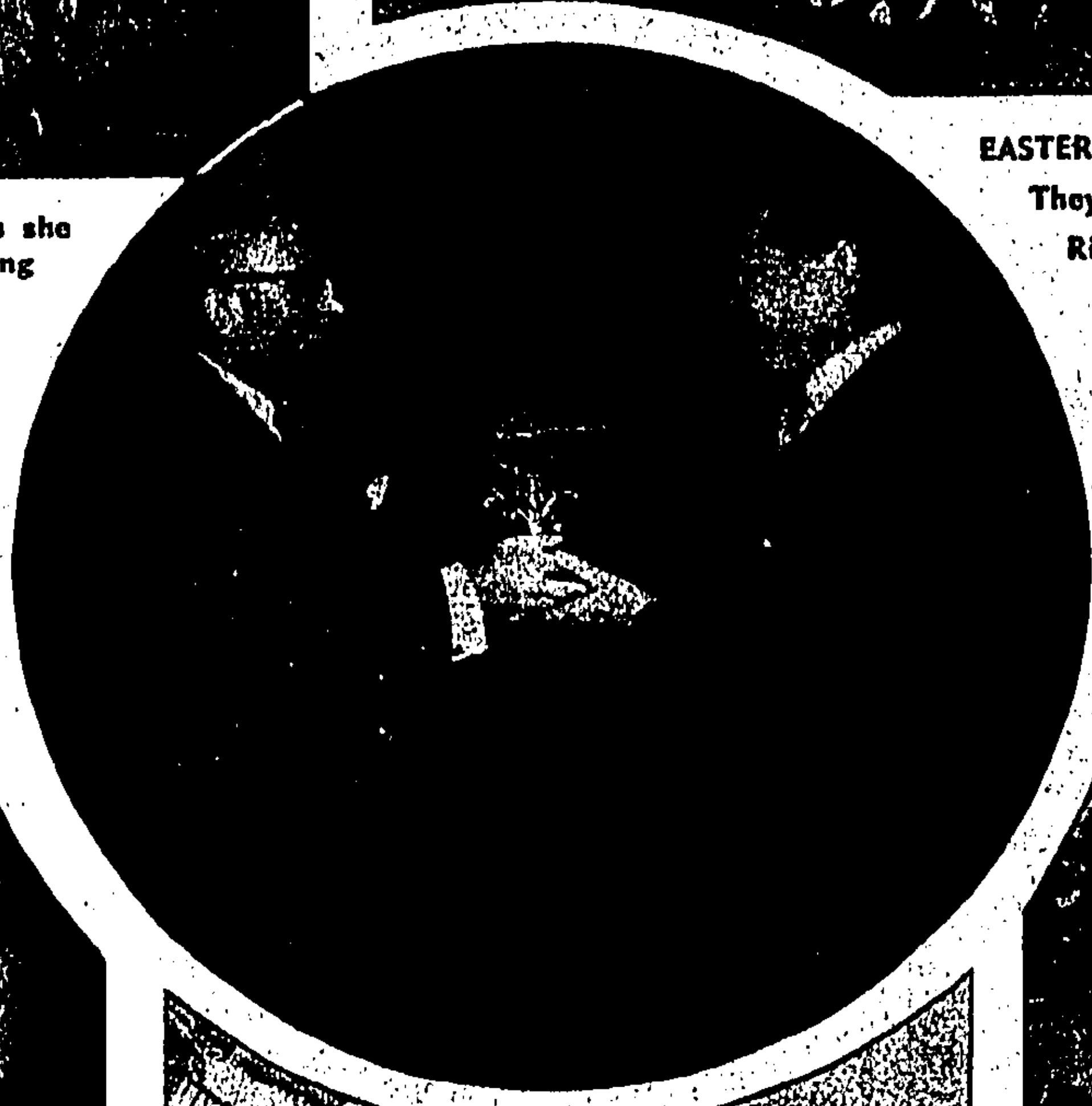
MRS John Wei with the championship and other trophies she won at the prizegiving of the Ladies' Section, Royal Hongkong Golf Club, Fanling. Right: Prizegiving at Deep Water Bay. Mr P. C. Cornish receiving the Captain's Cup from Mr J. R. Collis. (Staff Photographer)



EASTERN Athletic Association, winners of the Senior Shield. They defeated Kitchee 2-1 at the Hongkong Stadium. Right: The Eastern captain, Ko Po-keung, receiving the Shield from Mrs J. McKelvie. (Staff Photographer)



STUDENTS of St Stephen's Girls' College executing an intricate old lantern dance during the exercises held to mark the golden jubilee of the College. (Staff Photographer)



THE Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Hospital, Mr Fung Kam-chung, speaking at the stone-laying of the Tung Wah No. 2 Free School at Shaokwan. (Staff Photographer)



MR Victor Mamak purchasing a flag last Saturday during the annual flag day of the Hongkong Auxiliary Mission to Lepers. Over 2,000 schoolchildren helped in the street drive. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of Jane, daughter of Mr and Mrs Henry Howell. (Mee Cheung)

LEFT: Mr Lam Chi-fung, Chairman of the Munsang College Council, addressing students and guests at the 30th anniversary celebrations last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Athletes of 6 Composite Ordinance Depot, who won the Land Forces Minor Units athletic championship. (Staff Photographer)



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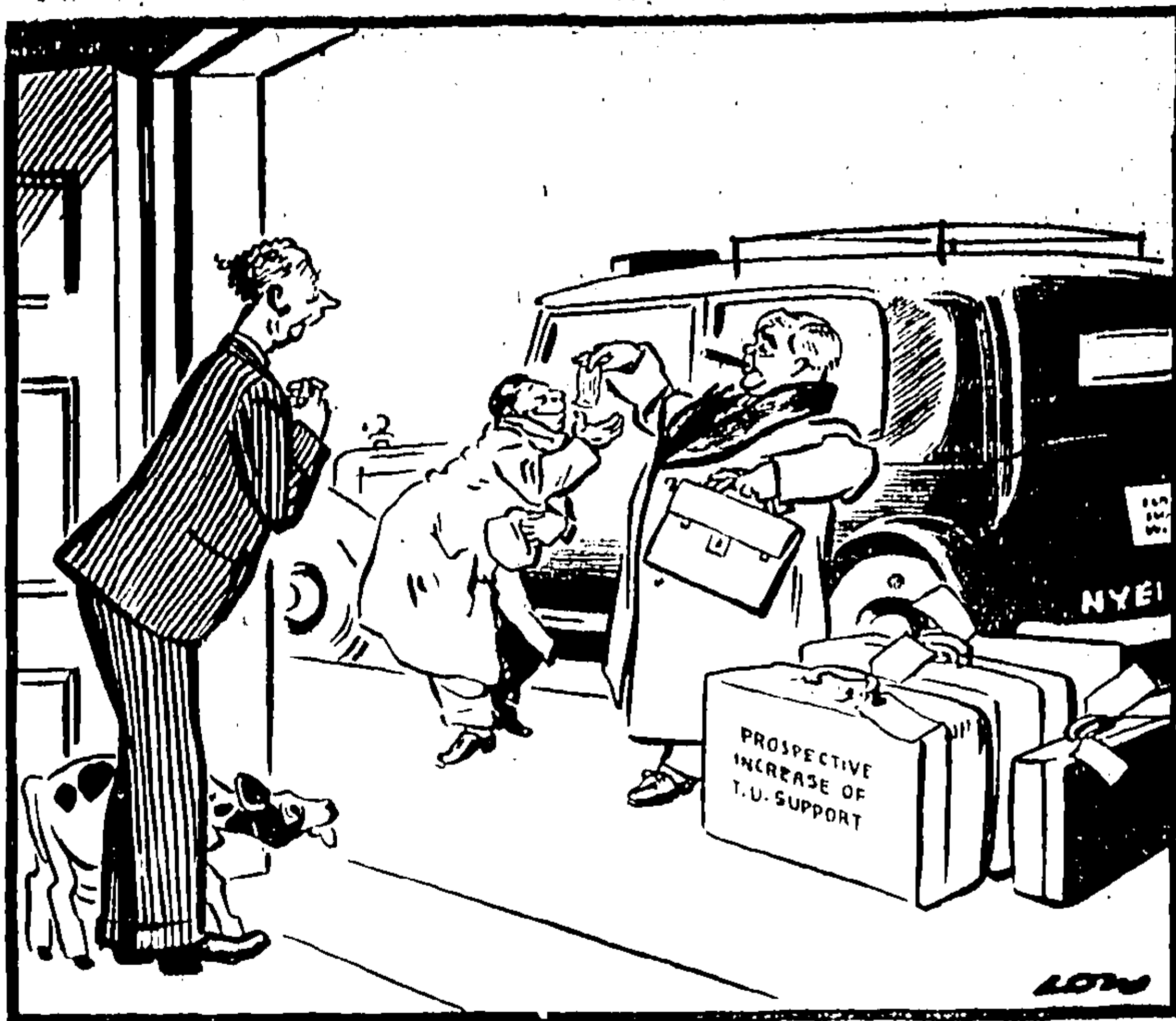
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RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON (NEW VERSION)

## H. M. BATEMAN'S COLONEL IS JUST A POONA GHOST

From Rene MacColl

THE very name triggers a great host of jests recalled. Instantly to the mind springs the picture of a chutney-ridden but pukka British colonel, the quintessence of the late H. W. Bateman's art. But I am sure that all of you could fire off just as good jokes on that theme as any that I might penetrate here on the spot.

So what I would like to do is to eschew that too obvious line and write something rather different. For, to tell the truth, after spending a day here, during the closing stages of the "Great Liquidator" Mountbatten's grand Indian tour, my mood is melancholy.

Poona is an amusing word (it means "place of merit"). And it came to symbolise and perpetuate an amusing caricature. But it seems to

me that both the caricature and the amusement it evoked are no longer valid. Because the men whose follies so often amused us in the past—the choleric British officers of the old Poona legend—are gone. Gone, so far as one knows, for ever.

And I am also remembering that those officers served our country well. They were devoted men, dutiful men, often brave men.

### Where now?

Where are they now? Cheltenham, perhaps? Or Harrogate? Fading regimental group photos on the walls of their modest homes. Fading memories of far off things and battles long ago in their minds.

There seems to be precious little to show that they were ever even here. The evidence of our century and a half of tenancy has been purposefully erased in the eight years of busy "Indianisation" since the "Great Liquidation."

So Mountbatten came to a Poona no longer comic and certainly no longer British. He flew here from Bombay in his big transport plane, wearing his tropical uniform (later he told the assembled cadets, "The uniform cannot conceal the man"), and all his medals.

As ever he was gracious and charming and friendly, this man who presided with such aplomb over the dissolution of a large part of the Empire. In what you could say that Mountbatten, by speeding India's departure, caused the death of the old Poona—and the ending of an affectionate legend. For when Mountbatten signed the Articles of Abdication, Poona—Poona within, that is—ceased to be.

Poona today? Just a noisy, hot Indian town, like any number of others. A place where they make tin cans and penicillin in functional factories. A place where they hawk the examination papers of ninety thousand school children every year, for this is a big educational centre. A characterless place.

### A parade

Oh, well—let us see: Mountbatten went over to the Indian National Defence Academy at Khadavla, near here. There, standing on the reproduction of a quarterdeck, he watched the cadets put on a parade. Very smart, too. Everything went off tickety-boo, to use a favourite phrase of Mountbatten's in his younger days.

Perhaps Lady Mountbatten was a little less than her normal gracious self, for she brusquely refused to sign the autograph book of a little girl who had only just presented her with a bouquet of flowers.

But it was Indians all, or nearly all. Indians on parade, Indians watching, Indian flags. And although the orders were barked in English, that too will soon be a thing of the past, be-

cause Hindi is being brought in as the official language of the services.

Yes, gone the British, gone their clubs, their ways, their cavalry lines—gone the whole British bag of tricks. The whole thing might never have been. Does the Liquidator himself ever have any regrets? It is impossible, of course, to know his thoughts. But his bearing and his utterances reveal only the most intense satisfaction, not to say self-satisfaction, over his role in India's history.

### Last Post

Regret, so one would think, is totally unknown to him. He and his wife bask in the adulation of the Indians. "You are the man who gave us our freedom!" cry the Indians. "Why—so I am," answers Mountbatten in effect.

So the bravery, the sacrifice, the devotion of those old-time Poona types has wound up like this! Strange...

After the great Liquidator had taken off, all smiles, in his plane once more, I wandered the streets of Poona. The sun went down in a murky haze. A dusk-time breeze fingered its way along the hot streets. It was my imagination, of course, but somewhere I thought I heard the crystal-clear, declamatory tones of a bugle. It was sounding The Last Post.

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### POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Well, I do hope for their sake that the Russians have better luck with collective leadership than the Tories have!"



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## MY HONEST OPINION OF HOLLYWOOD

by T. E. B. CLARKE

THIS is Report No. 2 on "A Ticket to Hollywood," by one of the most famous of British film men—the man who scripted the world-celebrated Ealing series of films, such as "The Blue Lamp" and "Passport to Pimlico." He has now reached Hollywood on his American trip: here is how he finds it.

"YOU'LL hate it," they said. "You'll forget what a plain girl is like," they said. "You'll have a wonderful time," they said, "but you'll never get any work done."

Their forecasts have proved just as inaccurate as the verbal pictures of Hollywood which inevitably followed.

After three weeks here, I find Hollywood a estimable place—it once has a job.

Its climate is perfect, its comforts are plentiful, its distractions are few. But in my leisure hours I can't help wishing it were a little more lively and heaven knows I am no playboy. Like many people, I used to make the mistake of grouping Hollywood with such international centres of amusement as Monte Carlo, Miami, Cannes, St. Moritz, or the Venice Lido.

### SO UNTRUE

BUT as a place to relax in and enjoy oneself it would come a very poor second—to well, Brighton.

Unless, of course, it's your ambition to see film stars. I can't pretend it was mine. I have been long enough in films to know that a star who looks equally gorgeous in the flesh as of plutonium rarely. (Ester Williams is the one chip of plutonium I have so far seen here.)

But I did cling optimistically to the belief that the girl who served one in any Hollywood shop or restaurant was likely to be the disappointed beauty who had sped here in quest of film fame after being crowned Miss Sickening Falls, Wis.

Alas, it just isn't true. Los Angeles is big enough to gobble 'em all up and leave hardly a trace, with the result that the standard of pulchritude is about on a par with that of London.

### SO WELCOME

DO I sound like one of those smart people who try so hard to run down Hollywood? I hope not, because in all sincerity, I like it a lot—and for the best of reasons. The natives are friendly.

I was prepared for a slight raising of American eyebrows when it was learned that a British writer had been brought here to sketch for the screen a story about New York. By America's very own humorist, James Thurber.

### SO GLOOMY

THE great stars are the aristocracy, yet they move about refreshingly free of the adulation which is so apt to cloy in other parts of the world.

Nobody took a second glance at Gary Cooper in the elevator we shared with a dozen others. Nobody appeared to notice Bing Crosby standing a few places ahead of me in the queue waiting to see "Picnic."

And when Marilyn Monroe, visiting my apartment house to see a friend, walked straight to the lift without pausing at the reception desk, she was asked with some asperity by the lady presiding there: "Whom do you wish to see, madam?" Marilyn

came back and apologised with humble charm for overlooking the formality.

They are so friendly, so courteous, these denizens of Hollywood, that I only wish they could be rewarded with a little happiness. But the plain fact is, they lead such anxious lives that it is easy to see why the duodenal ulcer is the occupational disease here.

Right up to the very peak, Hollywood's inhabitants strike one as having money without security, comfort without fun.

The theme that "money isn't everything," which crops up in so many movies, is not—as I used to imagine—what Hollywood thinks the world wants to believe: it is what Hollywood has learned from its own experience.

Never have I seen such a collection of troubled faces as I saw at my first Hollywood party. The only animated one there belonged to Gregory Peck talking about a racehorse he owns.

And how I miss the casual, carefree atmosphere of the British pub or the Continental cafe! There are bars galore in Hollywood, but they are usually attached to restaurants where the aim is to get done eating as rapidly as possible.

Almost without exception these bars are enclosed in Stygian darkness. "More intimate," they tell me, but I can't help suspecting a trace of guilty conscience left over from Prohibition days.

## WHERE HATE RULES THE HEART

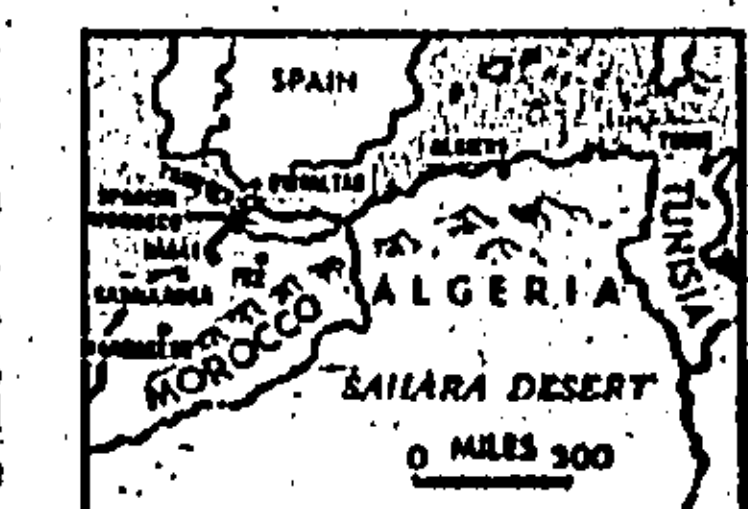
By SYDNEY SMITH

TAKE Southampton, drape it around its port over a series of steep hills, add some tropical gardens, stuccoed white villas, palm trees, and blooming bougainvillea, bright little orange and lemon trees, and lump the lot on the Southern Mediterranean.

There you have Algiers, the greatest pride and oldest city of the French in Africa.

Now add sten guns, home-made bombs, terror by fire and knife stalking the streets at night until the curfew, and you have Algiers today.

It has happened in just 18 months. One million French settlers have seen terror creeping from the Southern mountains, enveloping their homes, cutting off their communications, burning their farms, factories, and schools, massacring their women and children.



At first it was all like a game. I remember in the first months of the rebellion when I toured the Aures Mountains with the French forces.

Troops were not allowed to fire until shot at and then ordered not to shoot to kill.

Now suddenly, almost overnight, as though a curtain had just been raised on the scene, the frightful reality has hit Paris.

The Socialist Mollat Government has refused that the day of decision has come. France must fight to win. The Government has hurriedly shunned its reforms

temporarily aside: is whipping two more divisions out of Germany, scraping around for more reserves.

The settlers hate the metropolitan French, hate the British, hate the Americans, and now the Arabs, with whom they have lived in peace for well over 100 years.

They hate the French: because they say, "In the war we were heroes. Since then we've been just colonists, exploiters of the poor Arabs—considered by some in France as no more than 'Arabs out-selves'."

They hate the English: because they say, "You took Syria away from France and then by your weakness in the Middle East, especially Egypt, you fathered the idea of Arab nationalism."

They hate the Americans: because the Americans once voted to discuss the Algerian situation in the United Nations. America to the French who have

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## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**GAUDY BIRDS** Another "odd job man" is M. Jean Leque. He is the only man in France in his particular calling—and no wonder. He paints colours on birds. For ten years, in his vast aviary-workshop near Bordeaux, he has been giving thousands of birds the bright plumage and exotic look that nature failed to provide them with.

Apparently few things are more demanded in some countries than a gaudily coloured bird, for M. Leque's business of

turning out blue canaries, golden doves and so forth is flourishing. He paints all kinds of birds, doesn't limit himself to natural colours and can transform a white budgerigar into a flashy, rainbow-hued chirper in six minutes flat.

**NEGRO HERO** Somebody in the U.S. Post Office has courage. While the Southerners are loudly proclaiming the inferiority of the Negro, the Post Office is issuing a new stamp. It commemorates the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Booker T. Washington. The man who convinced Negroes—and most other Americans—that Negroes weren't inferior.

**OMPH TEST** British beaches and sun fairs are to have "Omph Machines"—thanks to former eighth, Army Major George ("Dusty") Miller, who at 36 is sales manager of a firm of novelty manufacturers.

"We make everything from pin tables to joke cigars," he said, "and the latest novelty is the 'it' or 'omph' machine, which registers sex like a weighing machine registers avoirdupois."

"Like some weighing machines, ours can talk, too, from a shout to a whisper. Any girl who can put the needle round to 100 percent maximum—and that would take a Marilyn Monroe—will hear the voice tell the world 'You're a honey!'"

"As the needle fails to reach maximum, so the voice behaves like a gentleman and gradually lowers its tones."

"Under 25 the voice is silent, but helpful. The lady concerned gets a really charming letter from a famous star admitting that 'I too looked omph once,' and explaining exactly how matters can be put right."

**MONK'S "SYSTEM"** Father Giacinto, a Capuchin monk, who invented a "system" for winning at roulette, has died in San Remo aged 81. The monk—a giant of a man with a long beard and baby-blue eyes—was known to thousands of Casino gamblers at San Remo, where he had spent 50 years.

He used to stand nearly all night in front of the Capuchin Church, and when the gamblers came out of the casino he begged for money. Very often those who had won gave him generous sums, which Father Giacinto used to help the poor.

Once he found a three-year-old baby abandoned in the streets and took him home. The baby needed food, clothes and a home, and Father Giacinto had no money left.

That night, he stopped a wealthy industrialist from Milan who was about to enter the casino and told him he had a system for winning at roulette. He would give it to the industrialist if he promised to let him have 20 percent of the winnings. This was agreed.

Father Giacinto remained in front of his church till six o'clock in the morning. While he waited, he prayed: "I know there are no systems for winning at roulette, but, please, God, just for tonight, make my system work. I need the money so badly for the child."

The industrialist won a fortune and gave Father Giacinto his share—enough to keep the baby for five years.

**HYPNOTIC SURGERY** A 24-year-old welder, by fully conscious on the operating table while a surgeon removed his appendix. The only painkiller used was a snap of the surgeon's fingers. For the patient, Don Cunningham, was hypnotised.

This unusual appendectomy took place in the Davies County Hospital at Washington, Indiana.

His doctor, who had used hypnosis in two births and one minor operation, wanted to try his method on major surgery.

Don was willing, so the doctor tested him to make sure he was responsive to hypnosis. After a little practice, the doctor could put Don into a trance with one snap of his fingers. Two snaps brought him back.

While the operation was being carried out, another doctor stood by ready to apply anaesthesia if the hypnotic suggestion failed. It did not.

And Don said immediately afterwards: "I was conscious of a dull feeling in the area, but I felt no pain. I kept my eyes closed during the operation, though I guess I could have watched."

**LITTLE STALINS** Now that the Stalin myth has been pricked, a lot of Italian boys are going to regret their parents' impetuosity. A quick check-up reveals that 187 of them have been called after the Russian dictator.

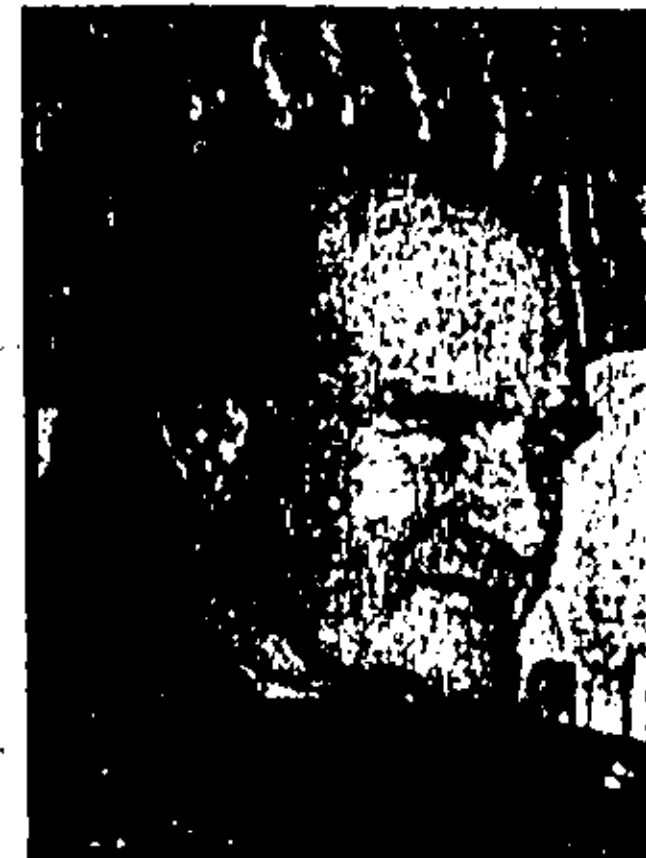
In one area of Milan's Red belt alone there are 18 little Stalins.

# BILL SLIM ATTACKS 'CHINDIT' WINGATE

By LEONARD MOSLEY

author of a book about Wingate, "Gideon Goes to War"

*In a startling book the field-marshal speaks of vanity, insubordination*



SLIM  
'DRASTIC MEASURES'

**FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM**, architect of Britain's victory over the Japanese in Burma, tells the story of his triumph in a new book.

It writes into history the muddiest, bloodiest, and most spectacularly uncomfortable front in the last war. And thousands of soldiers who fought under Slim—particularly the famed Chindits—will be chilled by it.

For though the book does a fine job of praising the gallantry, courage, and endurance of the British troops who made victory possible, it also does a sensational job in belittling the part played in the campaign by one of the men who led them.

### 'Indecisive'

That man is the late Major-General Orde Charles Wingate, the 'Chindit' commander who died in the Assam hills in March 1943.

In Slim's account of the campaign he is mentioned on only 21 of the 551 pages which the field-marshal uses to tell his story—and most of those "mentions" range from perfunctory praise to muted contempt. He calls him "strangely naive when it came

to actually fighting the Japanese."

to actually fighting the Japanese."

Slim portrays Wingate as a vain man who was insistent on seeing his name in print when he had a success, and unstable and indecisive when he was threatened with disaster.

He cites incidents to show that he was insubordinate when he was given orders he did not like, and threatened to go over the heads of his superior officers to get them countermanded—to Churchill or to Roosevelt.

"I pushed a signal pad across my desk to him, and told him to go and write his message. He did not take the pad but he left the room. Whether he sent the message I do not know."

### Two charges

ON another occasion, Slim says he had to take drastic measures to cope with Wingate's inclination to be insubordinate. "He made one last attempt to make me change by saying he could not accept the order I had drafted," Slim writes. "I gave him an unsigned copy, told him to sleep on it, and in the morning I would give him the order signed. I told him I had never had a subordinate officer refuse an order, but if one did, I knew what to do...."

"I rather expected trouble, but as soon as Wingate was seated I passed the signed order across to him, and with a slightly wry smile, he accepted it."

As to Wingate's own soldiers, the Chindits—who still react with cholera to the slightest criticism of their leader—what will most incense them are two charges which Slim makes.

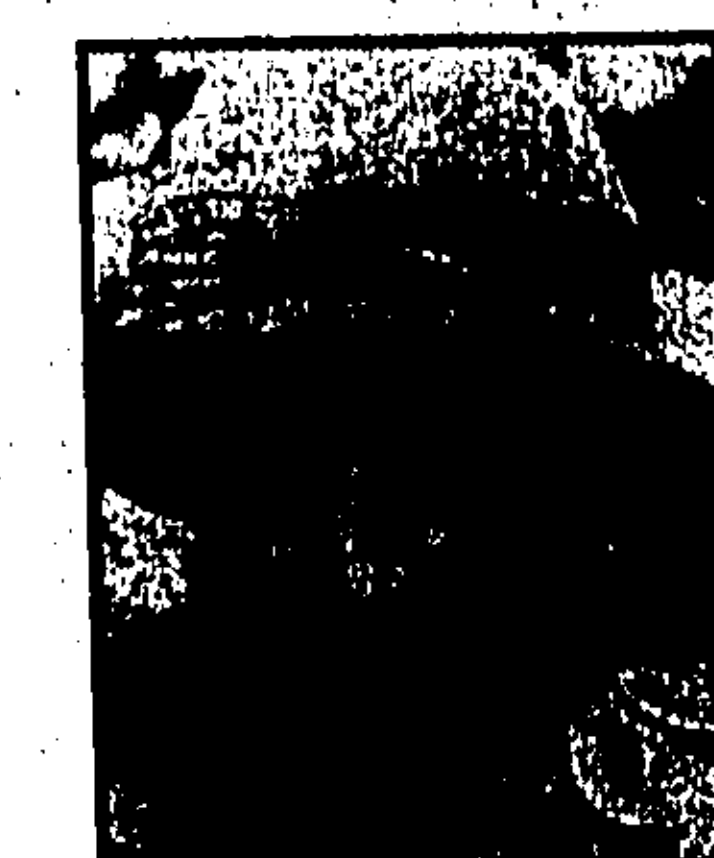
**NUMBER ONE CHARGE:** That Wingate's first Burma operation was "an expensive failure" which was given world-wide publicity as a triumph only because the war chiefs thought it would distract attention from

the failure of our troops in the Arakan.

"It gave little tangible return for the losses it had suffered and the resources it had absorbed," says Slim. "The damage it did to Japanese communications was repaired in a few days, the casualties it inflicted were negligible, and it had no immediate effect on Japanese dispositions or plans...."

"Skillfully handled, the Press of the Allied world took up the tale, and everywhere the story ran that we had beaten the Japanese at their own game. This not only distracted attention from the failure in Arakan, but was important for our own people at home, for our allies, and above all, for our troops on the Burma front."

**NUMBER TWO CHARGE:** That it was Slim, and not Wingate, who made the last-minute decision to go on with Wingate's second Burma operation after it had been threatened with disaster just before it started. Slim maintains that



WINGATE  
'NAIVE'

Wingate could not make up his mind, and passed responsibility over to General Slim.

This is contrary to all previous accounts, and it seems that even Field-Marshal Slim may have had doubts about the accuracy of his own memory.

He writes a footnote admitting that Wingate reported the incident differently, but adds that he does not think it important who made the decision.

Few admirers of Wingate are likely to agree with him, especially as the Chindit leader sent his troops into this grave and critical operation with the Biblical words ringing in their ears: "Off you go, and remember: 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'"

## PLENTY OF LAUGHS

**FRIENDS AT COURT.** Henry Cecil, 12/6, Michael Joseph

YOU will find plenty of laughter in court in any of Henry Cecil's novels. His previous book—"Brothers in Law"—was classed as a best-seller, and another—"No Bail For The Judge"—made an extremely funny play, which was broadcast from London only last week.

The Law, as we in England know it, is particularly proud of some of its more notable characteristics. One is its veneration of the truth; another is the traditional incorruptibility of its servants; a third is its acceptance of innocence except where guilt has actually been proved.

Such quaint ideas were quite beyond the belief of Mr and Mrs Glacier, a Swiss couple who had built up a profitable hotel business. They were making reprehensible in letting friends have drinks after hours, and considered it plain common sense to try and "persuade" the police, with small bundles of banknotes, to drop the charges against them. Such people are not easy to defend in courts of law, but Roger Thursby, a barrister of twelve years' experience, shortly to become a Q.C., took the case in his stride.

The shady clients found themselves charged with giving the police officers £20 and £25. To Roger's astonishment they declared that they had passed over £30 and £35! If their story was true then the officers had taken a "make-off" before handing the money in. Then the Glaciers produced another police officer, as a witness to substantiate their case. Roger decided to act quickly and take the local Chief Constable into his confidence.

Colonel Madderley—the Chief Constable, was indignant, and set a trap for one of the defaulting officers. Glacier, who promised to co-operate, spoiled the plan; the colonel was infuriated and, of course, Roger shared the blame.

This was rather unfortunate for Roger, since he had just formed a very promising alliance with the colonel's daughter. He had apparently to choose between losing the case and sacrificing the goodwill of a potential father-in-law.

The author depicts some of the astonishing people who appear in court with a clever and unerring touch, showing a brilliant appreciation of character and a very close acquaintance with the background he uses.

## HATE RULES THE HEART

(Continued from Page 13)

there is a gravely suspected mediator in North Africa because they hate the Arabs; because now they are compelled to fear them.

Why has this happened and why does it matter to us? It has happened because successive French Governments have refused to face reality.

We are partners in a Western military and political alliance which is being weakened by the fact that almost half France's forces are in North Africa and not winning anything. That will increase the burden on us in Europe.

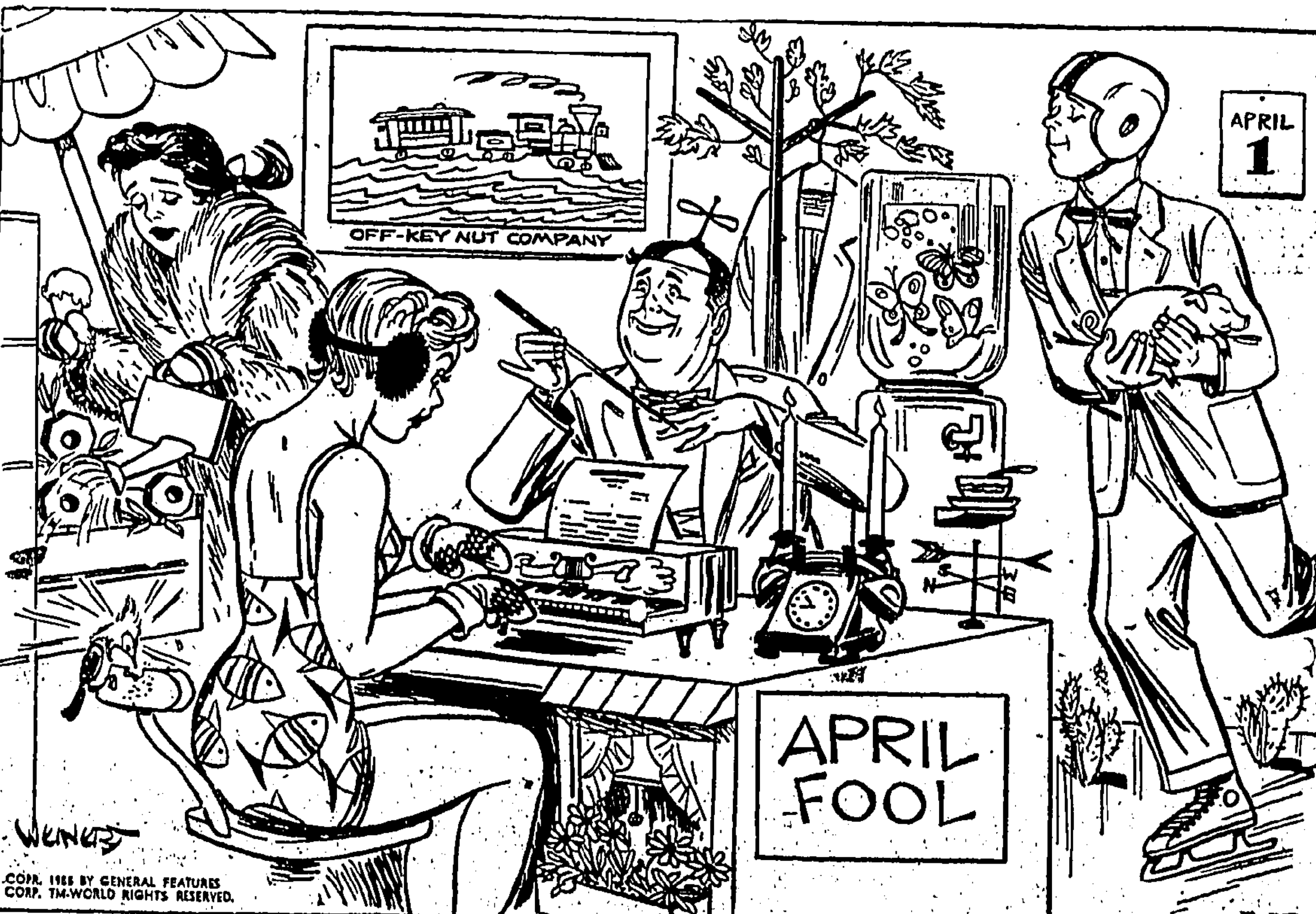
A military disaster—and there is one in the offing—could easily lead to a 'Popular Front' and would mean the 'NATO' alliance would be 'Communist' in the Government of one of its own members.

Finally, too many of Britain's enemies are watching gleefully the promotion of a major French victory over the 'Arab' army of 'Liberation' backed by Cairo and the Communists. France's present is a defeat for her 'Arab' victory, for 'Arab' would be 'Arab' in the end. It is a great deal to be feared.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just Plain Crazy

BY HARRY WEINERT





## The greatest day of their lives

RYDER CUP CAPTAIN DAI REES TALKS TO GEORGE WHITING

HAVING raised a respectful hand to the bronze statuette of Harry Vardon in the leathery South Herts clubhouse at Totteridge I came upon the present incumbent—one David James Rees—a dark little man with the build of a rugby scrum-half (which he once was) and the kind of voice that sings to the world through the mists of the valleys of Wales.

Dai Rees. Now here, I said to myself, is the real golfer, the accomplished persuader of a small ball in Britain, the lightning man, the belligerent battler, the globe-trotter, the show-back to the hickory school, the ex-caddy whose grassy exploits have brought him fame and fortune, the respect of opponents, the envy of week-end whackers, the lick-spittle of lordlings.

Would Mr Rees be so good as to define the greatest day of his golfing life? And why does he play golf, anyway?

# THEY SAID HE HAD NO CHANCE...

"I play golf," came the prompt reply, "because my Dad, who was the professional at Barry, gave me a bat (wooden spoon) when I was six, and told me to hit anything I came across."

"Which reminds me of a little free advice you might like to pass on. People think they have to have a complete armoury to start playing golf. Very foolish. Gives everybody wrong ideas

about the game. I started with one club—that bat of my Dad's."

"At ten, I was caddy for a shilling a round, plus a threepenny tip. If I behaved myself. Those one-and-threepences made me feel rich, but they kept me out when I applied to play in the boys' championship. Too experienced, I was told. So I turned professional as assistant to my father at Aberdare when I was 15½."

for a, last year," said Rees. "In a way it was a wonderful honour for any golfer, and it made me feel very proud."

"But a man's peak achievement must always be the one he brings off first, and I'm no exception. The greatest moment of my life was that beautiful day in September 1930 when I won the match-play championship at Oxhey, Herts. I was then 22, the new assistant at Surbiton,

and halves are not much use when you are five down and 14 to play.

"But then my puts began going down as never before—from every conceivable angle on each successive green. I holed the lot. Long ones, short ones, tram-riders, everything went down, and I began to have the greatest day on the greens any golfer could wish for."

"From the fifth to the 11th I sank puts that gave me a run of threes—to reach all-square. Dad was speechless with excitement."

"Then we came to the 12th, where the green is in a kind of dell. An amphitheatre, with the spectators looking down on you like Romans watching lions mauling Christians."

"Ernie Whitcomb played a good second shot, 20 feet from the hole. My second was fair, but I was only just on the green, a good 30 yards from the hole."

"That 12th green—I can see it now—had a slight fall from

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## WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

### THE MIRACLES OF MAGNETISM

EVERYONE likes to play with a magnet. The Greeks (who coined the very word, magnet) dreamed of suspending an iron object in midair with no visible means of support.

Dinoocrates, an architect, designed a temple to the wife of Ptolemy II, in which he hoped to suspend her statue in space. His idea was to have lodestones (pieces of magnetic ore) built into the roof.

The Greeks found lodestone in Magnesia, a district of Macedonia, and so gave the name "magnetism" to the mysterious force which the Chinese had been tinkering with since 27 BC.

Dinoocrates's temple was never built. But some people believe the Arabs succeeded with a similar project. There is said to be a magnetic vault next to the Grand Mosque in Medina, Arabia, in which Mahomet is suspended in a steel coffin.

In 1804, an American visitor claimed he had succeeded in getting inside the vault and had actually passed his sword around the floating coffin. It vibrated so much, he wrote, that Mahomet almost turned in his dry grave.

#### "REPELLANT" TOYS

Whether the vault exists or not, it is a theoretical possibility to suspend an article in midair by balancing the force of gravity against a repelling force. And magnets can, of course, repel as well as attract.

Among the world's oldest toys is "King Tut," the "corpse" which won't lie down until the foot of its coffin is given a tap. Another "repellant" novelty which attracts the kiddies is a magnetic police car which never quite catches the bandit's car in front!

One of the first experts on magnetism was a Dr William Gilbert, medical adviser to Good Queen Bess. He pointed out that the earth itself is a huge magnet—which accounts

for the tilting downwards of a compass needle.

Due to this influence a magnet suspended north of the equator will dip towards the north, and one suspended south of the equator will dip to the south. At the equator, the magnet does not dip at all, and over either magnetic pole it will stand upright; if it is free to do so.

Like the earth, magnets have their "poles" at either end, opposite poles attracting and similar poles repelling. Industry has found many uses for magnetic repulsion—to separate steel shavings so they can be picked up easily, for example.

Electro-magnets are used to collect iron and steel particles from factory floors, to sort mixed scrap, and even to remove metal splinters from the human eye.

#### "FISHING"

"Fishing" magnets are used in oil wells to retrieve broken drills, and we sometimes read of the police using them to locate weapons in ponds and rivers.

There's just no end to the miracles of magnetism. It is used in radio and TV, telephones, deaf aids and those ingenious devices which can bring a train to a halt automatically, when the signals are at the danger.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these modern marvels is the transmission of torque, the motion of twisting, when it is impossible to have a direct connection between a driving shaft and one that is driven. By means of magnets, this motion can be transmitted into a vacuum or pressure chamber from the outside through a wall of glass!

New alloys of aluminium, nickel and cobalt have been used to make permanent magnets many times more powerful than the best of the older, carbon-steel ones, and a lot of force is now packed into a little metal.

Americans have put miniature magnets to a really "snappy" use—as cuff-links! (COPYRIGHT)



GOLFER DAI REES IN ACTION.

"In 1932, when I was 10, I came up to South Herts for the assistants' championship. Being able to beat all the members back home, I thought myself the cat's whiskers, but there must have been 50 scores better than mine, and I returned home with my tail between my legs. However, I had learned my lesson—and I'd seen Harry Vardon! I little thought that, one day, I should follow him here as professional."

#### THE STRANGER

How was slapped-down Dai to know that immortal Vardon had spotted his aggressive Welsh-valley golfer, singled it out from the ruck of lesser men's play, and tipped him as a future front-ranker?

So much for the Rees foundations—the fashioning of a golfer who was to run up three times for the British Open, splinter records, chip chunks off averages, win the match-play championship four times, and become the only Briton ever to play in six Ryder Cup matches against America.

How many towering summits must such a man have climbed after so tough an apprenticeship?

"Most people would consider my greatest moment came when I was picked as captain of our Ryder Cup team at Thunderbird, Call-

and this was my first big win as a pro. An unforgettable day. I had tried several times before without qualifying for the final stages, and I had gone through the week winning odd matches—as much by luck as by judgment."

"Then, on that lovely Friday morning, I found myself in the final against the redoubtable Ernest Whitcomb, and in no time at all everybody could see that the occasion was too big for this exuberant but inexperienced Welshman."

"Whitcomb played me into the ground. At lunch, I was five down after 18 holes, and could see no possible way of beating the steady kind of golf Ernest was playing."

"Oxhey was famous for its lunches, and despite the state of the game I did full justice to the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. But it was a pretty lonely lunch—nobody wants to sit with the potential loser. Only my dad and a few close friends shared my sorrows."

"Half way through the meal, a man whose identity I never discovered came over and said, 'Never mind, sonny. Better luck next time.'"

"That did it. Put my back up a bit, and I am reputed to have told my unknown sympathiser that this match-play final was by no means over."

"I managed the first four holes after lunch in par figures, but so did Whitcomb,

left to right, and I had a 'borrow' of some 10 to 12 feet on the putt. But the ball travelled in a perfect arc, disappeared down the hole, and put me in front for the first time in the match after 30 holes. Everybody seemed to go mad. Caps in the air—all that kind of thing."

"At the 18th I was two up. I lost the 17th, but a safe half in a par three at the 18th gave me the match. The crowd surged round us though I had won the Cup for Arsenal. I was chaired and lifted, and pulled and pushed and cheered about—and there was Ernie Whitcomb saying what a fine start I'd made and telling me to keep going. Grand sportsmen, the Whitcomb family."

#### A PARTY

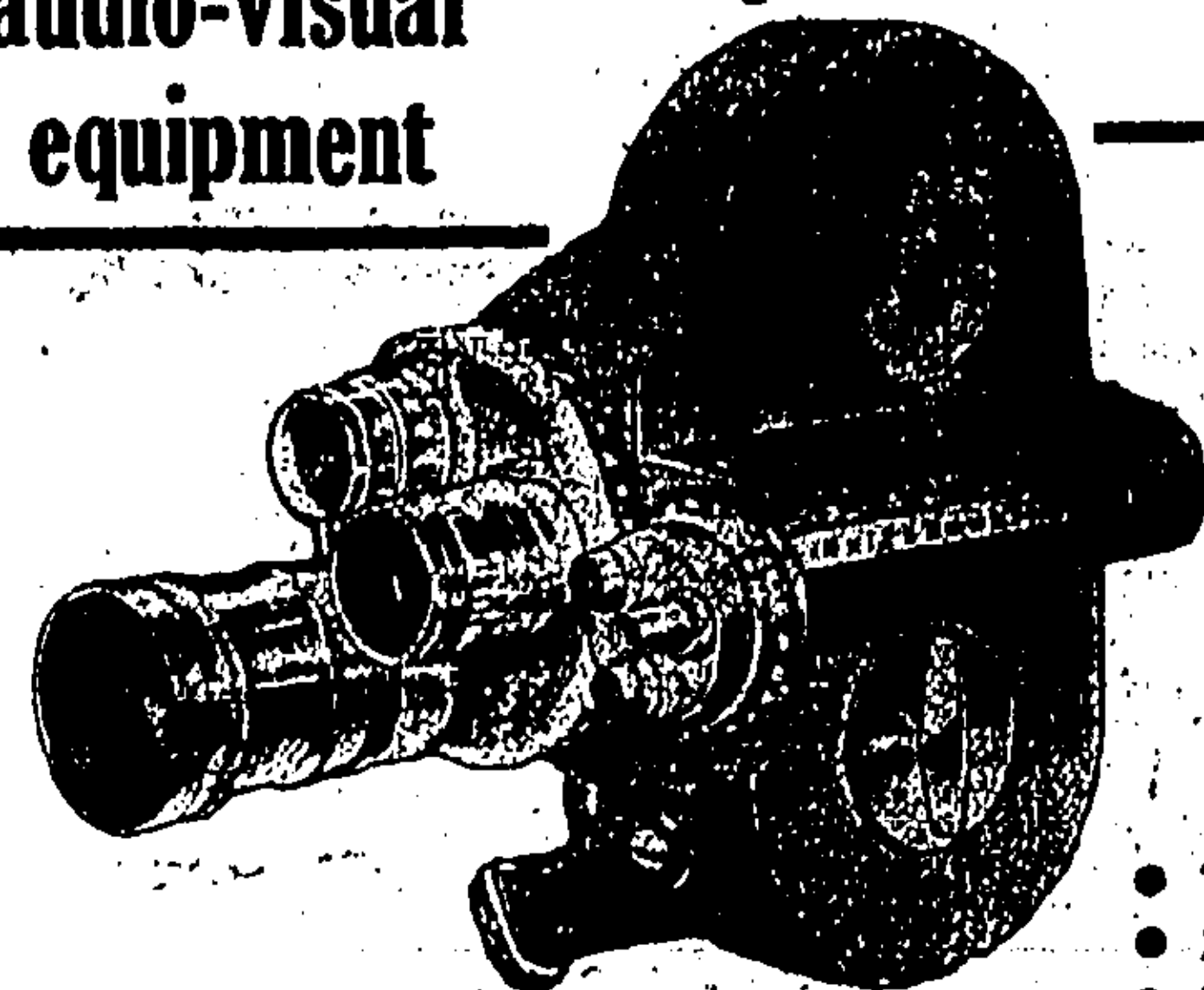
"Later that night we had an impromptu party back at Surbiton. A wonderful day for a 14 of 22. Yes, a wonderful day, man, I felt like a millionaire."

A Welsh millionaire. For Dai Rees ran all the way to the Post Office Savings Bank with his £300 prize money. After all, a little man from Barry who used to carry lesser men's clubs for a shilling a round can be expected to know a thing or two about safe storage when the real money begins to trickle in.

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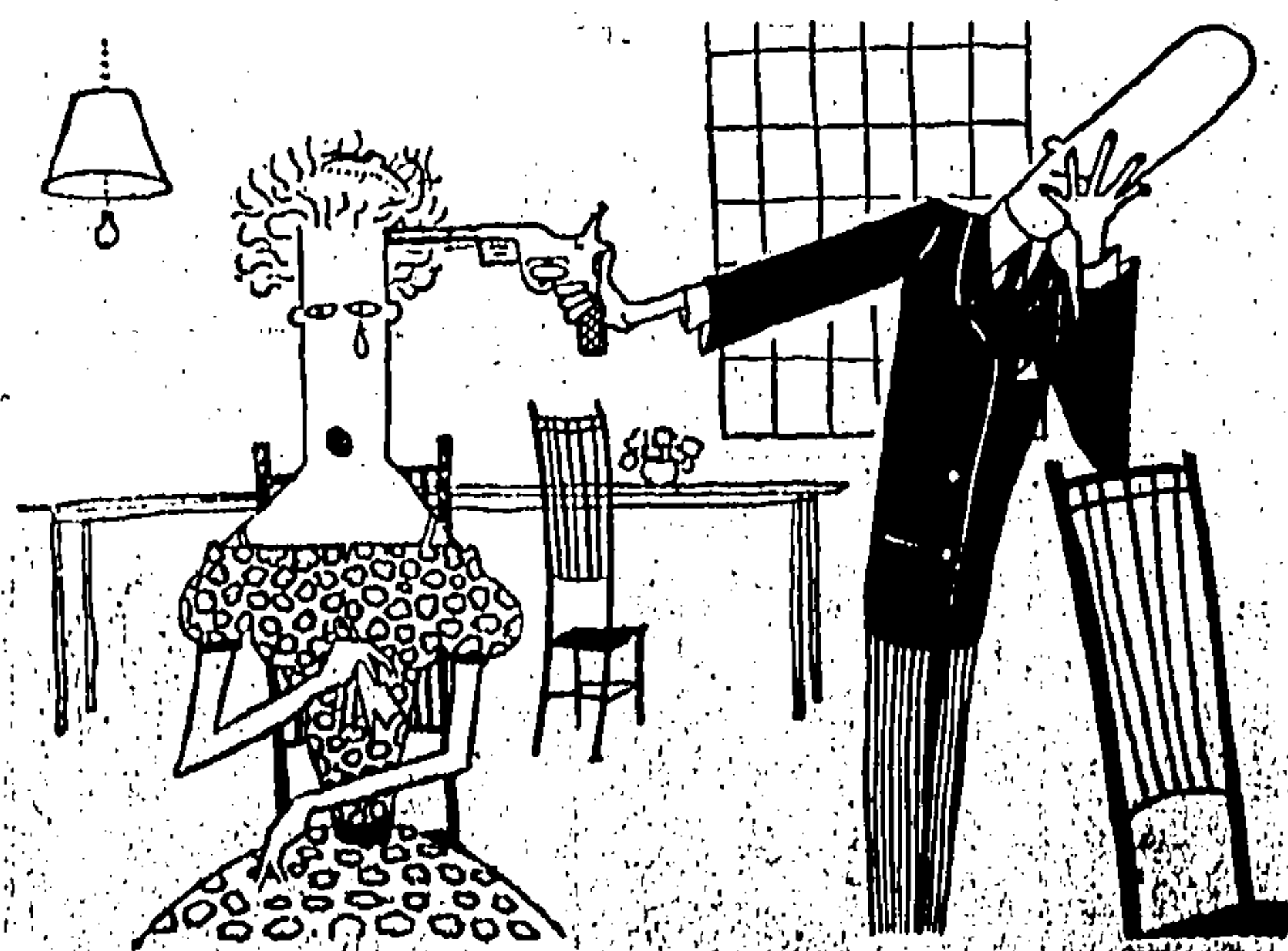
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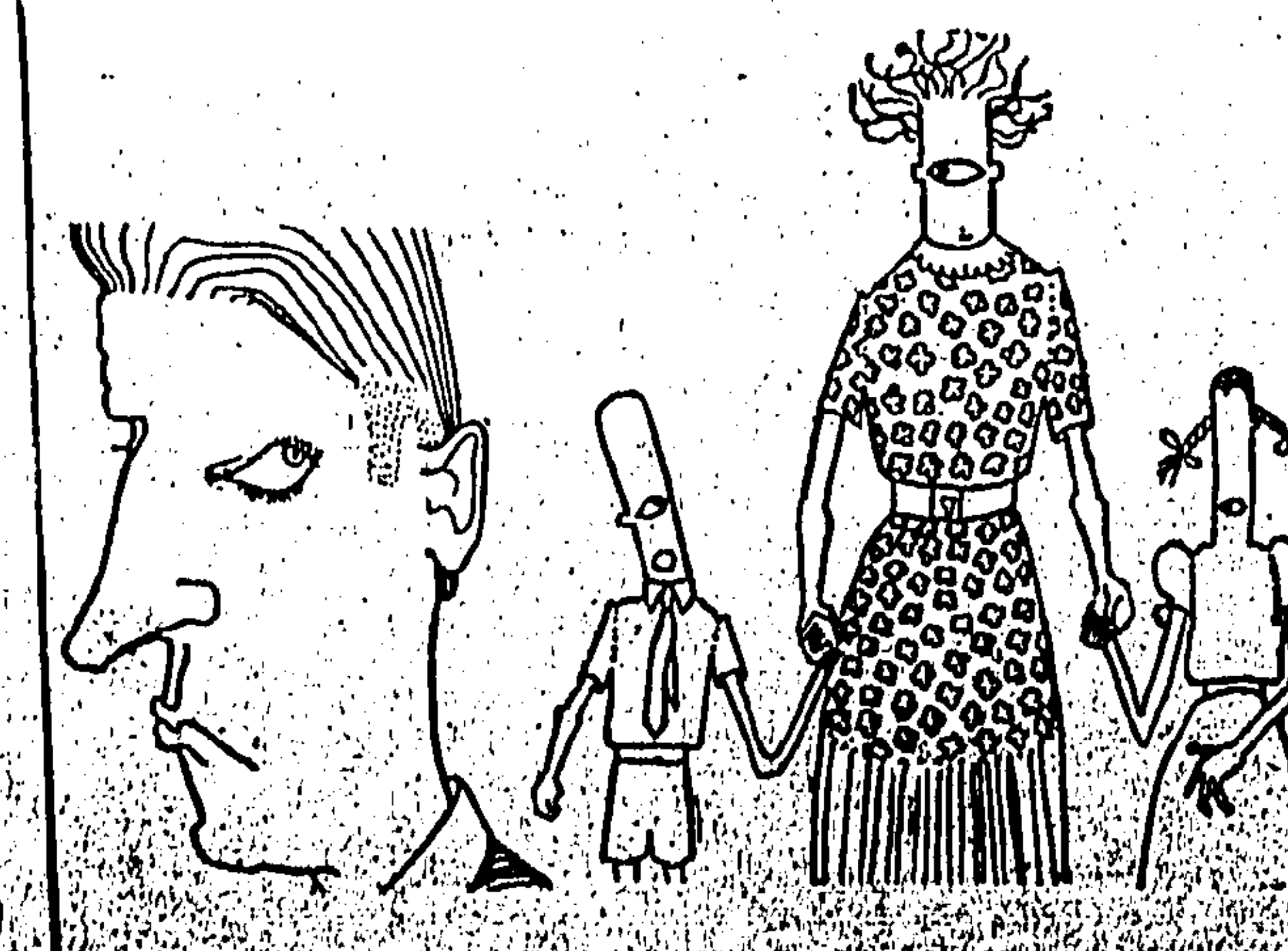
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Wife: "I'm sorry, dear, but I do understand."



Boy: "Look, Mum—that man has a face!"



DR. SOAL, THE MATHEMATICIAN, TURNS DETECTIVE IN A SEARCHING PROBE OF THE UNEXPLAINED

# A voice burst from the darkness...

THE DRAMA OF THE SCIENTIST AND THE MEDIUM... It goes to the heart of the question that faces every investigator of the Unknown... CAN TELEPATHY EXPLAIN IT ALL?

A DIM, chill evening in late November. Four schoolboys are making their way through the fog which wraps the streets of Brentwood, Essex.

Suddenly a stranger steps up to them out of the gloom. He puts a peculiar question. Whereabouts, he asks, can

you find a road lined with trees where the houses are large and their gates painted dark red?

Few cases throw a more vivid light on the question which the first part of this inquiry ended. What happens when a medium, apparently

punctured by the dead, blurs out facts which his normal mind could never lay hold on?

How does Soal's visit to Brentwood help to answer that question? Let us look back to 1921.

Soal had recently lost his younger brother, Frank, and he

one side he has to grasp Mrs Cooper's extended hand. With his free hand he takes notes in the darkness.

For Soal's scientific mind these preliminaries were not impressive. But the drama which followed was sensational by any standards. It sheds its influence on all later research.

This drama was presented in three acts of mounting tension. At the first seance a man's voice, claiming to be Frank Soal, burst from the darkness.

It was not like Frank's voice as Soal remembered it. Yet speaking in rapid matches—with long intervals of silence—the voice recalled dim fragments of events which Soal himself had long forgotten: how he had

burned his hand one Sunday and how the day previously the brothers had gone out into the rain-wet fields to shoot hares; how they had built a brick fire-

place in a little hut; how Frank had buried a disc of metal in the hut's mud floor. Later Soal travelled back to his old country home and actually found this disc beneath the weed-covered

ruin of the hut.

## IN CHECK

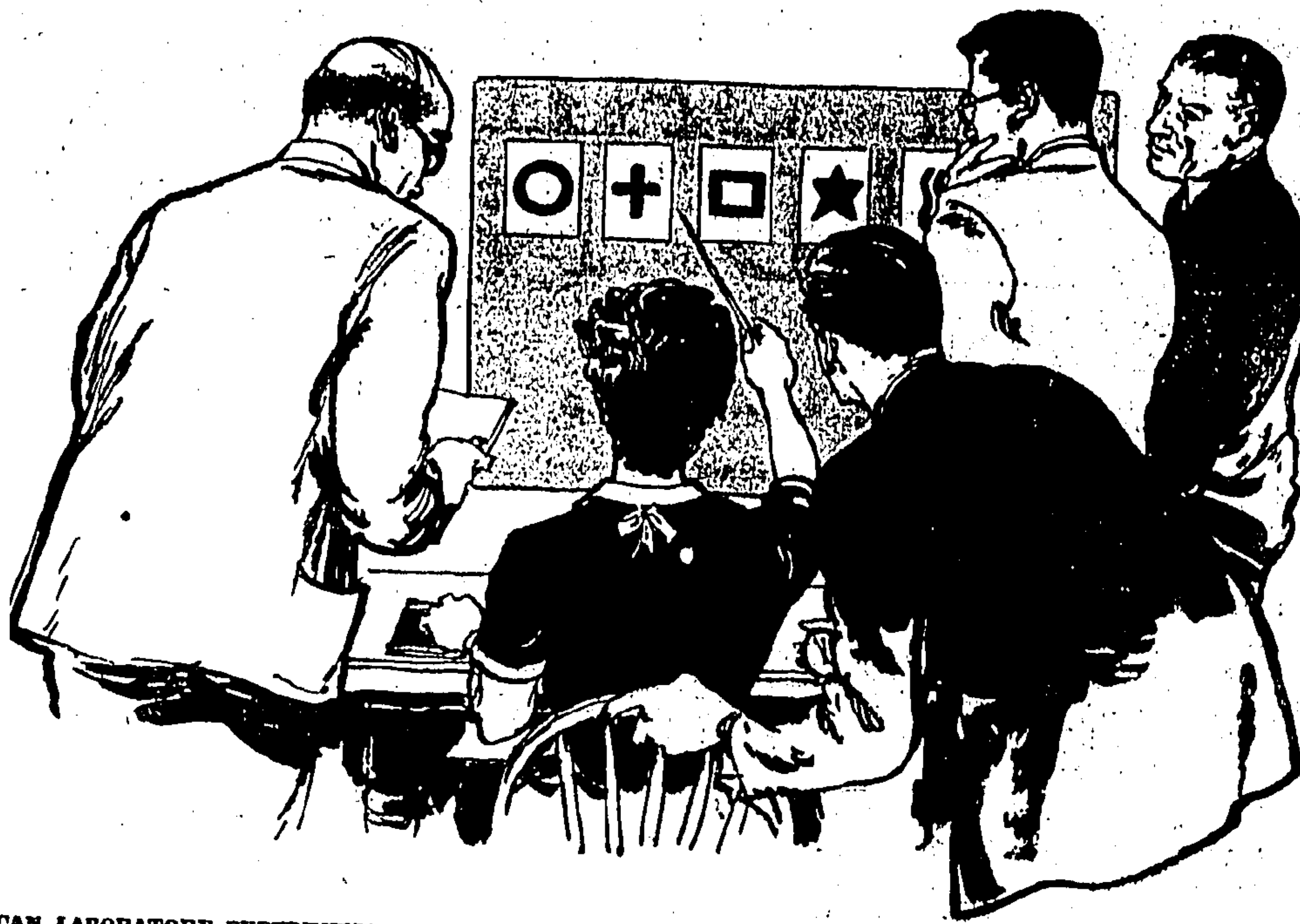
In the face of such evidence almost anyone but Soal would have been convinced. But his scientific training kept emotion in check. He copied out meticulous notes after each seance. He brought along university colleagues to the sittings so that they could

check these notes. And all the while he kept in mind the theory that successful mediums invariably have astonishing telepathic powers, that when they seem to be passing on details from the dead they may be

gleaning information subconsciously from the minds of the living.

Soal was therefore left with this lingering dilemma: was this

CAN LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS LIKE THIS EXPLAIN THE MEDIUM'S POWER? MANY SCIENTISTS SAY YES. HERE A GIRL DEMONSTRATES TELEPATHY BY NAMING CARDS A DISTANT EXPERIMENTER IS LOOKING AT.



voice in the darkness, with all its snatches of sudden detail, really the voice of his brother? Or was it merely the empty echo of his own memories?

At this point came the second act of the drama. The whispering voice of Nada suddenly introduced the "spirit" of someone Soal had never heard of, and at once Soal saw hope that his dilemma would be solved. For clearly this unknown spirit—unlike "Frank"—could never be built from the fragments of his own thoughts.

Nada's whispers died away, and from Mrs Cooper's throat a deep resonant voice announced: "I am John Ferguson—Jim's brother."

On following evenings in this small room a few more facts about the newcomer emerged. He had died in 1912. His brother Jim was still living. They were both connected with two streets in Brentwood.

HE WONDERED

Soal had only passed through Brentwood by train. He had never met any John Ferguson. Nevertheless he began to wonder. Many years ago he had known a boy called James Ferguson, whose father was an army schoolmaster at Shoebury-

ness. Was it possible that John was this boy's brother? Without a word from Soal the next seance provided startling confirmation. Aided by whispers from Nada, the voice of John Ferguson gasped out that his father used to help soldiers with maps and compasses. Where?

"Boon, boon," interjected Nada in her baby talk. "The noise would break all the windows—big guns in the sea." Was this Shoeburyness with its coastal

question. He was told, "Inquire for Ethel. Ethel is the link" in his own mind. Soal pondered. Ethel? Was she perhaps a servant girl who lived in one road and worked in the other?

The next evening John Ferguson stuttered out another piece of information about his life in Brentwood. "Ethel Lloyd," his deep voiced wheezed, "the young person in Warscot Road—mild to the family in Highlands—went there to help every day...."

Then suddenly a new dilemma descended on Soal. Certainly the pieces were fitting together. Yet was it possible that they were fitting much too well? Here in the room near Holland Park was the highly individual spirit of John Ferguson. In the darkness its voice gasped and stuttered. Was it possible that this spirit was really an empty shadow built up by Mrs Cooper from the vaguest surmises in Soal's own

mind? Soal consulted his notes. Vividly he saw that, apart from the name John Ferguson, apart from the details of two Brentwood roads, every fact in the Ferguson story had been foreshadowed in his own thoughts. Even two oddly-shaped gaslamps mentioned by the garrulous spirit had already

been noticed by Soal himself during his Brentwood visit. Then began a fantastic adventure of detection. The detective, Soal, the shy little mathematician. The suspect: a spirit of someone who might be nothing more than his own imagination.

Soal paid two more visits to Highland Avenue. He consulted reference books, he spoke to the local postmaster. But he discovered that no one called John Ferguson had ever lived there. With one exception the house was still occupied by their first owners. The exception? A Captain Cartwright, R.N.R., who had moved elsewhere.

HIS LETTER

Soal, however, realised that the Ferguson name was not Cartwright at Shoeburyness, that the boy may have visited his father's friend. And at the next seance the voice of Ferguson put in a word of confirmation. The house which the Ferguson knew in Highland Avenue said the voice, belonged to a naval man. His name? "A service name," Nada interposed. "Cartwright."

Soal sent off a letter to Captain Cartwright to be forwarded from his old address. And Cartwright replied. He had never known any Ferguson, he wrote, never employed a servant named Ethel.

Further details in the Ferguson story were also proved utterly false. At the seances John Ferguson did not speak again. Punctured, the talkative shade collapsed into nothingness.

For Soal the case proved the miraculous ability of a medium's mind. The spirit of Ferguson being attached together from Soal's private guesses. Yet the resulting character as dramatised subconsciously by Mrs Cooper was amazingly convincing. "Week after week he appeared at each sitting," Dr Soal told me recently. "He was strong, confident. He never made statements which conflicted with what he had already said. He always had a subtle answer ready for any attempt to trap him. But once the bubble was pricked, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come."

ADVENTURE

BUT the drama in that small top room was not yet over. The third act was still to come. Return there now after the voice of John Ferguson has quivered into silence.

The voice in Mrs Cooper's throat now becomes precise, fastidious, clear. Unlike the voice which claims to be his brother, its tone is for Soal unaccountably familiar.

"Well, Soal, I never expected to speak to you in this fashion,"

it begins, "remember Davis—Gordon, from R-R-Roch...." The voice stutters unintelligibly. But Soal remembers. Twenty years ago he knew another schoolboy named Gordon Davis, who lived at Rochford. After the war Soal learned that he had been killed in action.

Now, it seems he has returned to talk to Soal. He passes on the usual messages to his wife. Later the voice of Nada speaks for him. "He says something about a funny dark tunnel," she whispers. "It's to do with his house. He says there're five or six steps and a half...." Where is this house? "In a street which seems to be only half a street," says Nada. The street's name? All Nada can see is that it begins with two "E's." Then she goes into great detail about the rooms in the Davis house.

CHANCE CLUE

WHAT for his present inquiry is so significant in these Gordon Davis revelations? Three years after the seances, Soal learned by chance that Gordon Davis had not, after all, been killed in the war. He learned that Davis, whose spirit he had heard imploring him to contact his bereaved family, was actually alive and running a successful estate agent's business in Southend.

Soal promptly set off for Southend, only to be amazed by what he found there. He found that Davis was living with his family in a street called Eastern Esplanade. But it was only half a street, for the houses on one side were faced by nothing except the sea. A tunnel-like covered passage ran from the back to the front of each house. The Davis house had six steps, but the lowest was only a thin slab. And every detail in the rooms mirrored the words Soal had heard three years before.

THE MOVE

BUT that was not all. The Gordon Davis seances took place in January. Yet Davis did not move to Southend until the following December. Admittedly he first looked for a new house during the period when the seances were taking place. But this cannot explain the details about his rooms. She described pictures and unusual vases in one room, the brass candlesticks in another. She even mentioned "a black

chicken bird on the piano"—an object which Soal found to be a dark china kingfisher on a black chicken base.

What can be the explanation? Fraud or deception is out of the question. For Mrs Cooper would not deliberately destroy her reputation by presenting a living man as a spirit. Soal was forced to the only conclusion. All these derived not from the dead but from the storehouse of Mrs

Blanche Cooper's subconscious mind. And she evidently had the power to fill this storehouse not only from what her sisters were thinking, but also from people miles beyond and even from the unborn future itself.

EVIDENCE

DOES this incident—together with others like it reported by expert observers—prove the case for Spiritualism? By no means. No evidence in the world could prove that most seance messages do not derive from the dead. But now it is almost as difficult to think of evidence which could prove decisively that they do—evidence which not also be explained by the kind of super-normal power possessed by Mrs Cooper's own mind, the power which scientists now call ESP. Extrasensory Perception—the ability to perceive facts without aid from the five senses.

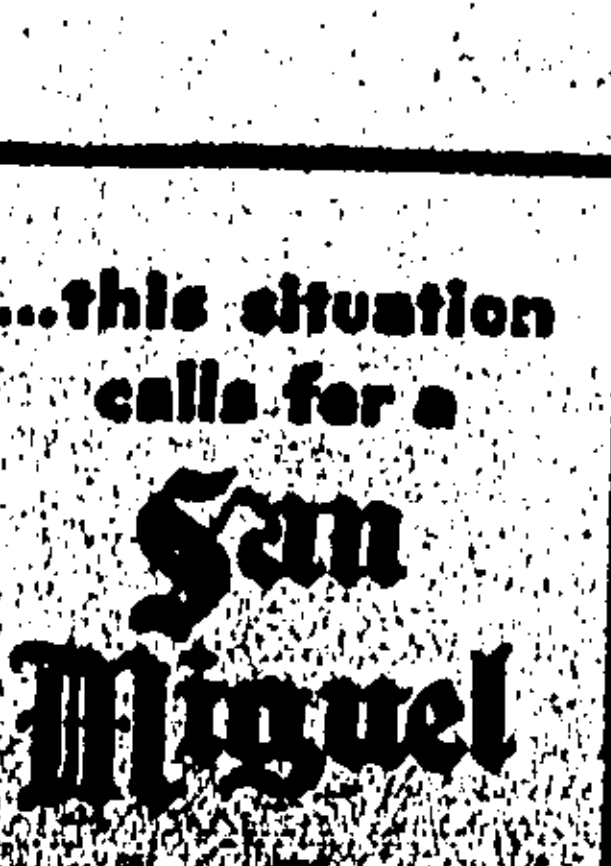
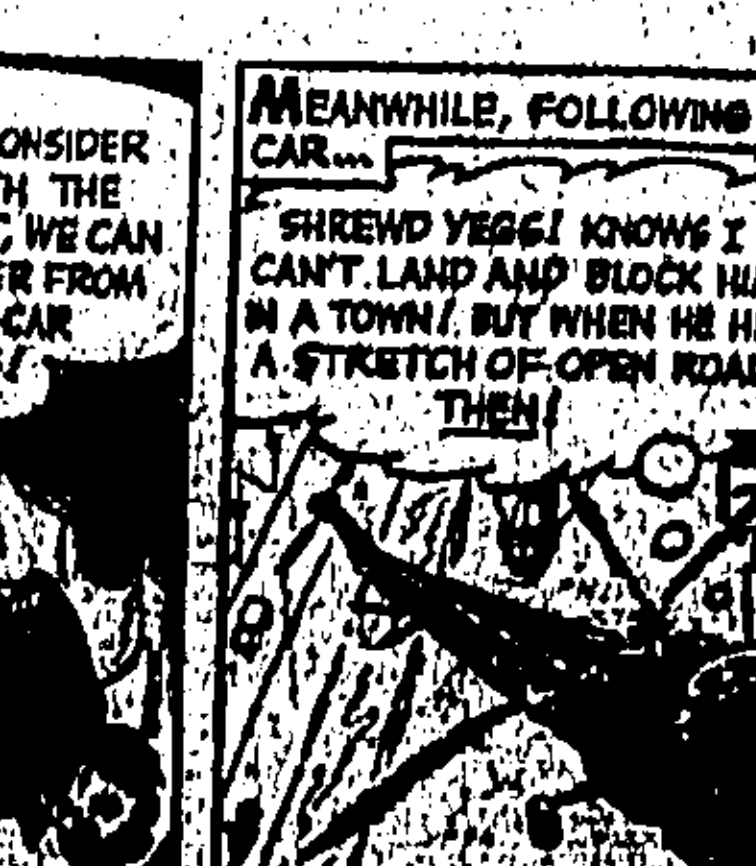
Can the dead talk to the living? The question has become a matter of private faith. And the place in the twilight world is being taken by a new adventure—the power of ESP, of "second sight" which has been uncovered in living man himself.

What is this power? Can it be treated as accepted, scientific fact? Next week our inquiry takes you to the university laboratories where the answers are being discovered. (COPYRIGHT)

NEXT SATURDAY: A Woman Sees 200 Miles Away

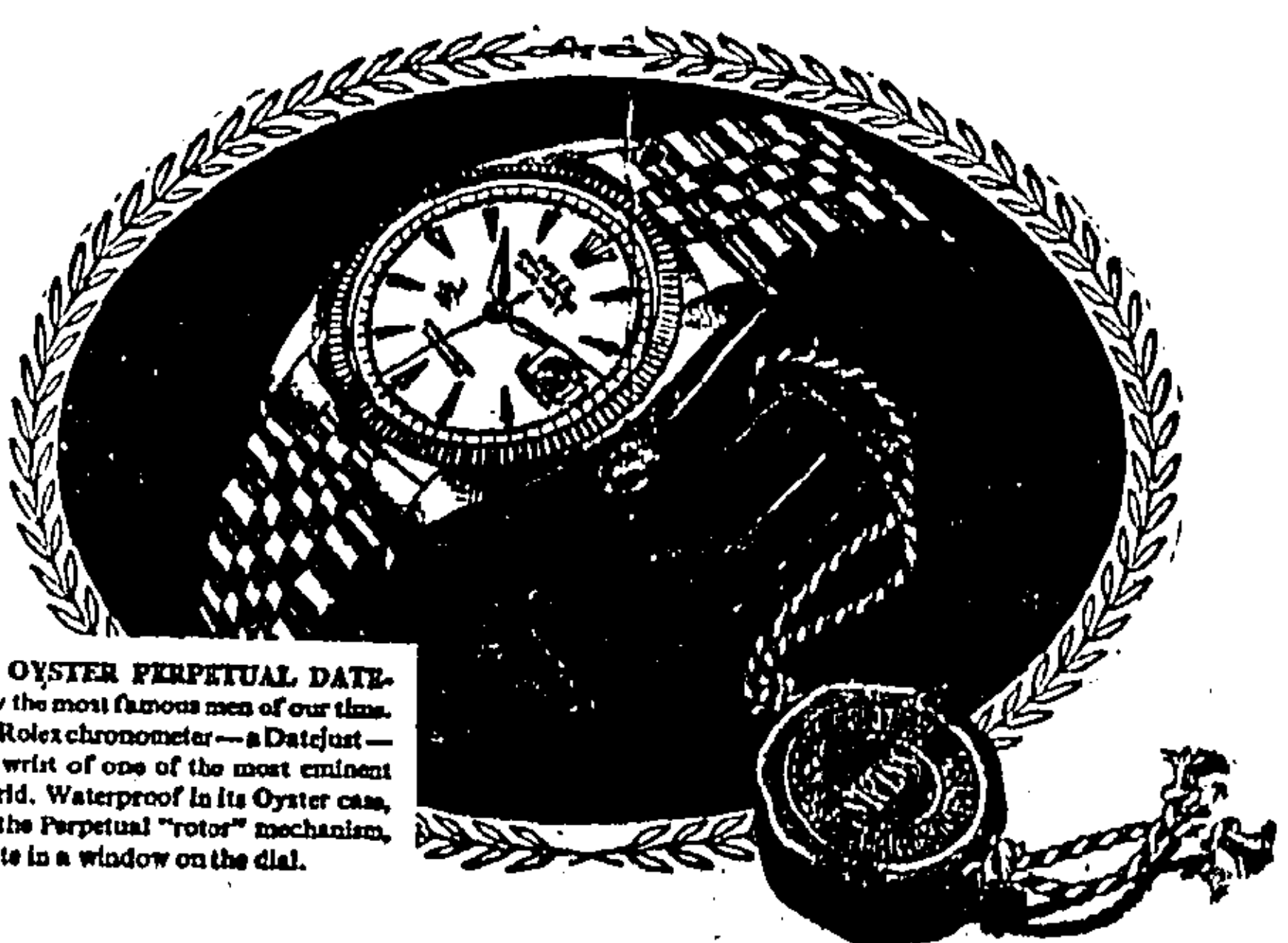
By Frank Robbins

## JOHNNY HAZARD



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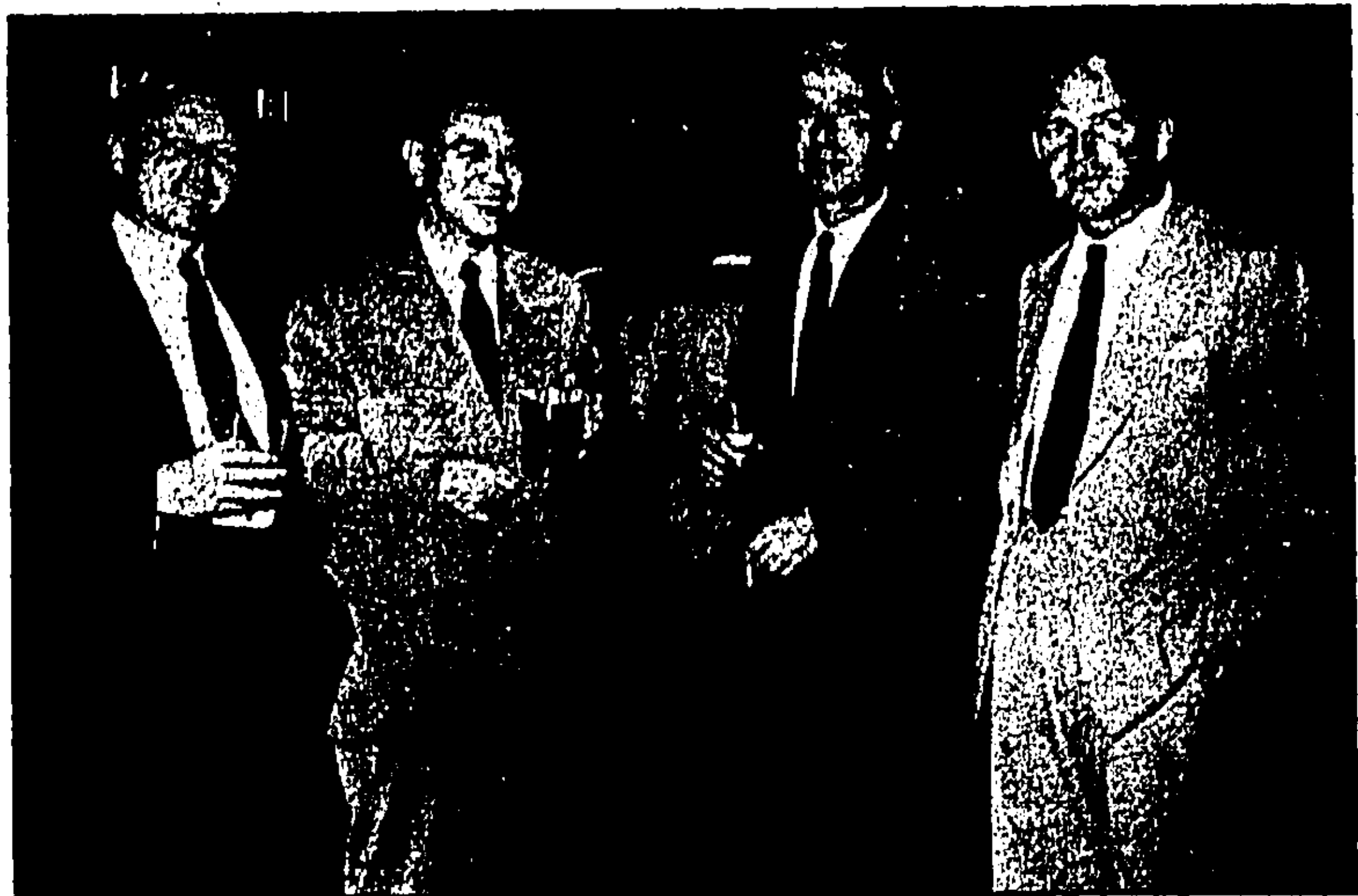




THE wedding took place last Saturday at the King Wah Restaurant of Mr Wai Fat-kim, the brilliant KMB and Colony interport goalkeeper, and Miss Mak Siu-fong. Picture at their wedding reception shows them with the Hon. and Mrs Kwok Chan. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM escorted by Mr Tso Tsun-on, Assistant Commissioner, Police Reserve, at the annual Police Reserve ball held at the Peninsula Hotel. Behind is His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Mr K. A. Bidmead, Acting Commissioner of Police. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Seen at the annual dinner of the Army Football Association, held at the Volunteer Centre. Left to right: Lt-Col O.D.A. LeFevre, Chairman of the Association, the Hon. Kwok Chan, Col. N. D. Leslie and Major C. D. Elrick. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Wong Yuk-bing, the well-known swimmer, and her husband, Mr Kwan Yui-ming of Borneo. They were married last week. (Staff Photographer)



MR Alberto da Cruz, who won the China Mail Cup for the best English prose work at the Arts Festival, receiving the trophy from Mr Hui Ngok. (Staff Photographer)



STUDENTS of the Diocesan Girls' School and others who were confirmed at a Palm Sunday service at St Andrew's Church taken by the Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall. (Staff Photographer)



At the Oxford and Cambridge Society's annual dinner held at the Hongkong Club last Saturday. The function is always held on the night of the Boat Race, which Cambridge won this year. From left: Mr E. R. Kitchen, Mr K. A. Mirams and Mr Oswald Cheung. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Members of the Hongkong Technical College Old Students' Association snapped at the annual reunion dinner. In centre is the Principal, Mr S. J. G. Burt. (Staff Photographer)

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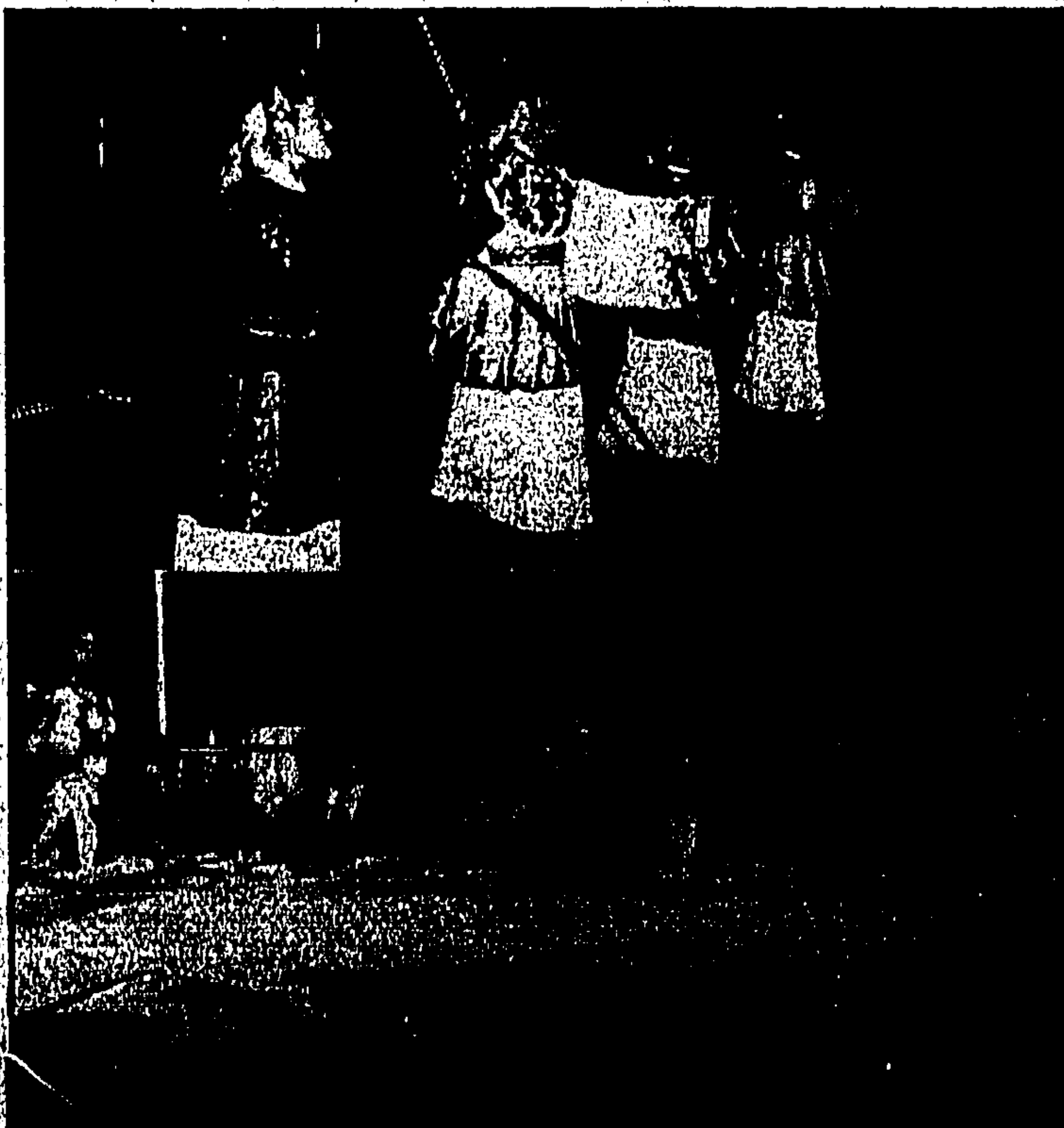
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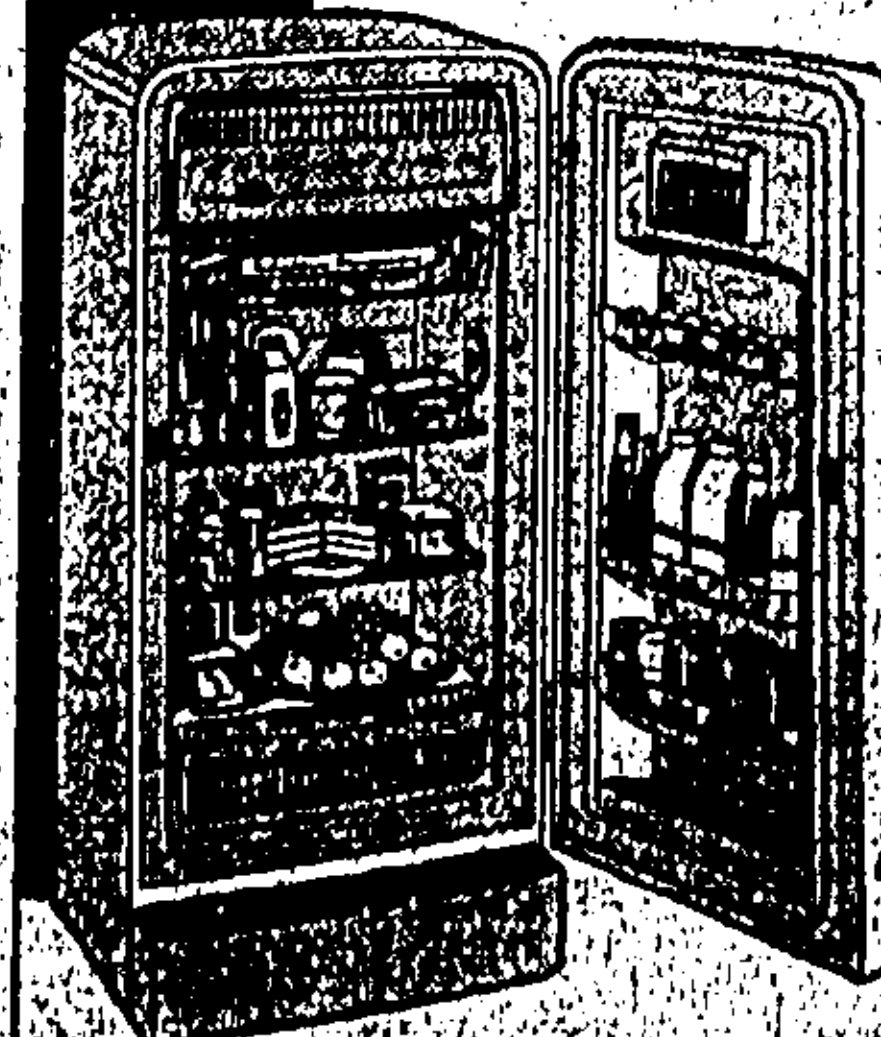
"Extra Service At No Extra Cost"



AN ancient Chinese dance performed at the annual dinner dance of the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association at the Ritz. Below, from left: Mrs C. H. Chan, Mr W. K. Cheung, Mrs R. Bowie, Mr Leung Nai-yuen, Canon E. W. L. Martin, Mrs Leung Nai-yuen and the Rev. R. Bowie. (Staff Photographer)

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# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

## Easter Holiday Programmes—Something Old And Several New

There's a touch of spring in the air that invades the programmes of Radio Hongkong, which is featuring several new items this week—some of them special Easter offerings, and at least two new regular series.

A GARLAND FOR EASTER: For Monday evening at nine o'clock, Timothy Birch has produced an Easter anthology—in which the origins of the festival are considered, together with Easter music and appropriate verse—gay and serious. The voices heard will be those of David Lyttle, and David Jones, whose recent appearance as "Othello" was widely acclaimed.

**"JOY OF ANGELS":** A play in verse for Easter by Ronald Charles Scriven tells the story of the wood of the holy Tree of Life, from the placing of the seed between Adam's lips as he died to the day of the Crucifixion. The part of the Archangel Gabriel is played by Derek Guyler, and the cast includes Margaret Avery, Donald Bisset and Eric Francis. "Joy of Angels" can be heard at 8.15 on Sunday evening, it was produced for the BBC by Colin Shaw.

**"THE HIT MASTERS":** On Monday evening Hilary Green will be presenting a programme which she has called "The Hit Masters". In this programme Hilary presents songs of the Oscar-winning team—Paul Webster and Sammy Fain—who wrote such hit numbers as "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" and "Secret Love". "The Hit Masters" can be heard at 8.30 p.m. on Monday.

**"CAROLINA" DANCE BAND:** Then there's the Dance Orchestra of RMS "Carolina"—the Cunard liner calling in at Hongkong for a couple of days on a world cruise. The orchestra is directed by J. Jefferson Jones, and will broadcast from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong this evening at ten o'clock.

**ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL:** Tomorrow evening's Sunday Concert is again devoted to the 1955 Aldeburgh Festival. The programme, which was recorded by the BBC in the Festival Church, Aldeburgh, features the composer Benjamin Britten, with Peter Pears (tenor) and the Dennis Brain Wind Quintet. One of the principal items in this Festival offering is Benjamin Britten's Cantata No. 3, "St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans".

**"MESSIAH":** A beautiful recording of Handel's "Messiah" has been made by a distinguished group of soloists—singing with the London Philharmonic Choir (Chorus Master Frederick Jackson) and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. It can be heard over Radio Hongkong tomorrow afternoon at 4 p.m.

**NEW PROGRAMMES**

**"CASTAWAY'S CHOICE":** Radio Hongkong begins a new series of programmes on Tuesday evening at ten o'clock in which well-known local residents will be interviewed by Nick Kendall.

Radio Hongkong will be making the difficult decision on which half dozen records they would choose to live with—should they be shipwrecked on an island with a gramophone and only a handful of discs. The first person to be put on the spot will be Voice of America's Hank Miller, whose voice is already familiar to Radio Hongkong and Rediffusion listeners.

**"JUST FOR YOU"**

If there's a song or a piece of music you'd like to hear—but you haven't got a record—play it, or can't find the record—why not write to "Paula", Radio Hongkong, P.O. Box 200, who starts a new Saturday afternoon request programme next week, at 2 o'clock, "Just For You".

**EVENING STAR**

A younger singer whose name is now a household word among popular music enthusiasts—David Hughes—makes his first ever radio broadcast from the studios of Radio Hongkong, in 1956, when he was serving here with the Royal Air Force. As Tuesday's "Evening Star"—he can be heard from Radio Hongkong at 9.15 in a programme arranged by Allen Woods.

Choir (Chorus Master: Frederick Jackson) and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (George Malcolm, harpichord; Ralph Downes, organ).

5.00 GEORGE ZEPHRA AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

The Legend of Mariel (Prince of Candor).

5.10 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

5.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

5.20 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

5.25 NEWS.

5.30 THE GUN SHOW (DRCT).

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6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

### Today

5.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY AND WEATHER REPORT.

5.15 MORNING MELODY.

5.30 SONO FROM STAGE AND SCREEN.

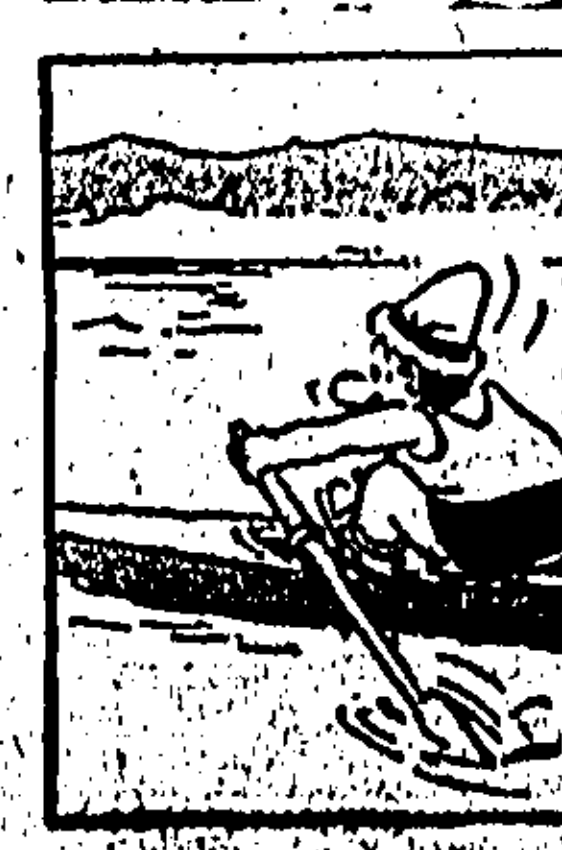
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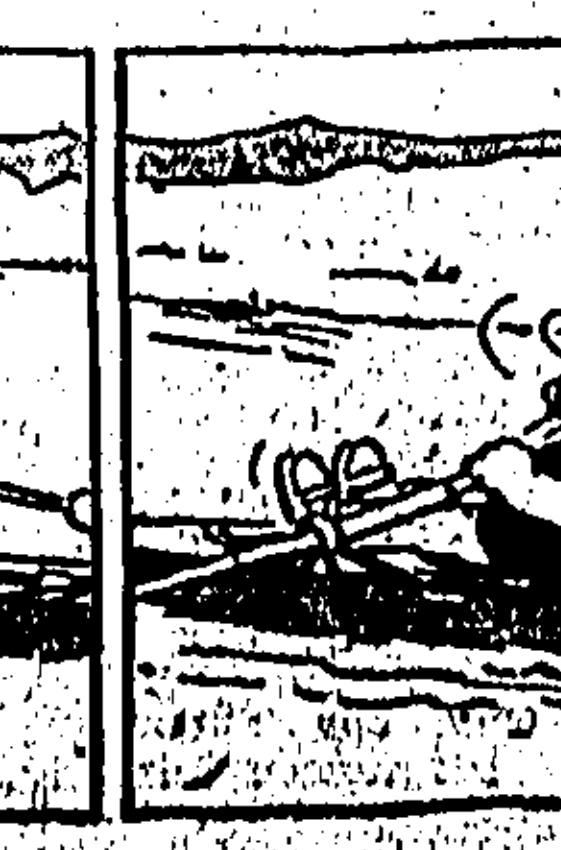
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6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

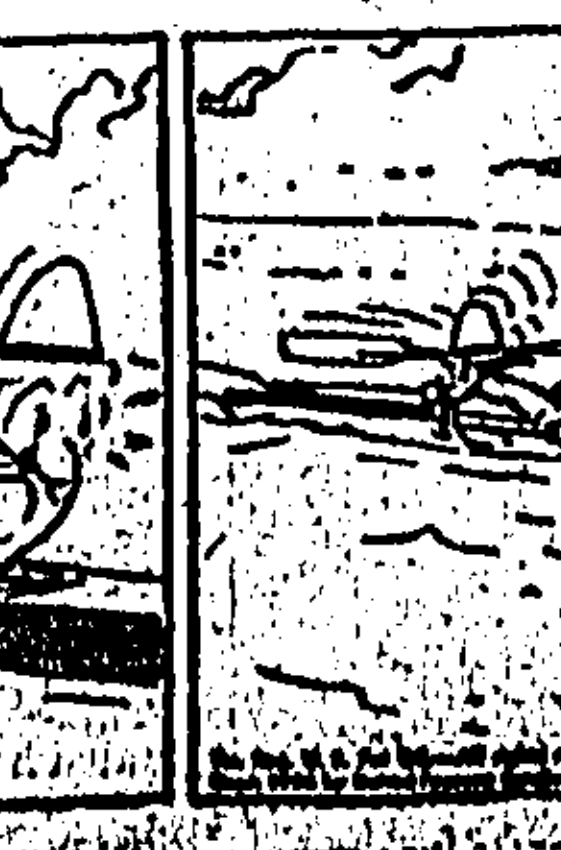
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### FRIDAY



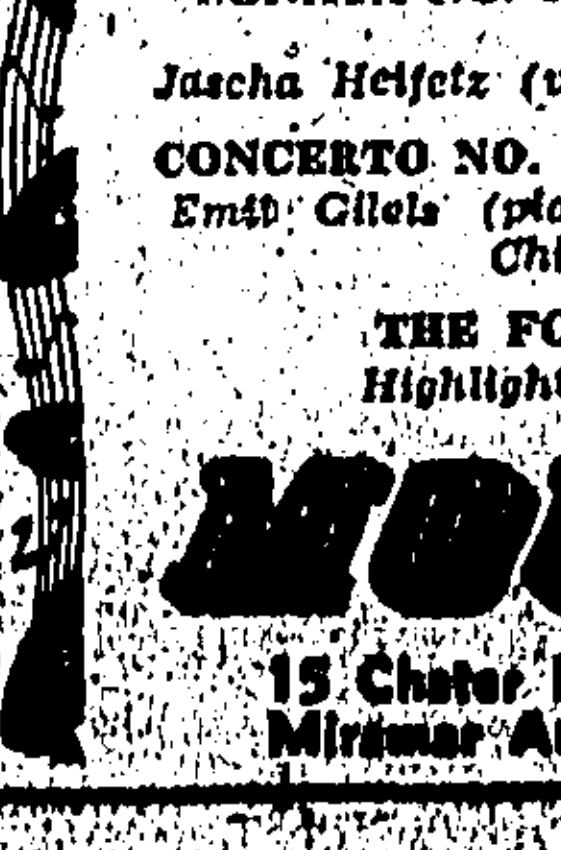
### FRIDAY



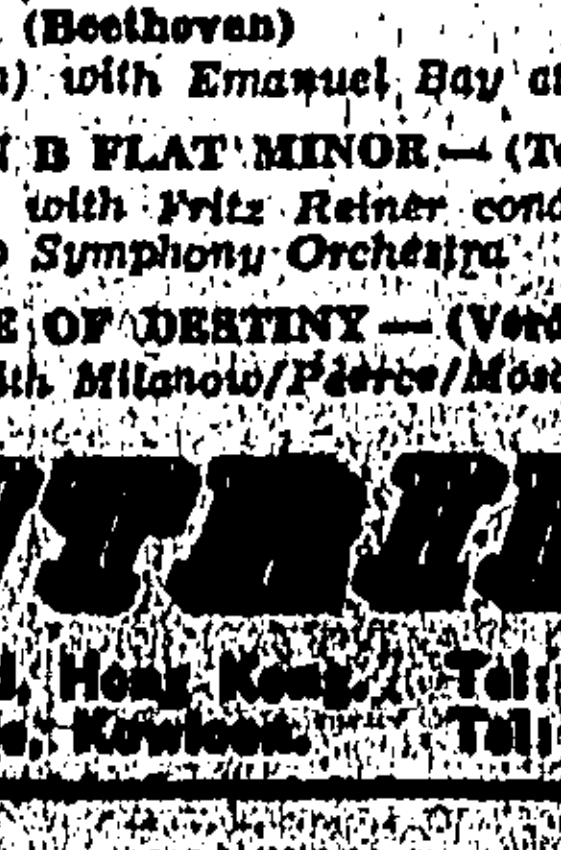
### FRIDAY



### FRIDAY



### FRIDAY



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## WEEK-END SOFTBALL

INTERNATIONAL SERIES  
FINALS ON SUNDAY

By "TIME OUT"

Age-old rivals Portugal and China once again will meet at King's Park for softball supremacy as the finals of the International Series come on for decision. Taking the limelight in this Sunday's softball thriller are the Portuguese and Chinese quarters as these two teams have battled their ways into the finals in both sections of the International Series.

The Ladies' clash is slated for 2.30 p.m. while the main feature, the Men's International final, commences at 4.00 p.m. This latter encounter should provide fans with thrills aplenty as the cream of local talent combine forces to renew their annual feud at Easter tide.

Portugal's side, highly favoured to retain the title this year, will have the masterminding of two great softball names in Ed "Chief" Carvalho and "Evergreen" Art Ozorio.

With all eyes set on the coveted trophy held by them, these two pilots have been moulding their men up for the kill when once again they tackle China's formidable nine.

Leading his array of stars around mound artist Vic Pedruco and Google Marques, who will share between them the difficult task of keeping the Chinese lads at bay. Brave's hurler Vic Pedruco will more than likely get the nod for hoisting the mound flag in this encounter as Vic has proven by his unerring accuracy on the job that he is by far the outstanding pitcher in the Senior "A" division this year.

With an easy underarm motion that has carried him through to many Championship ships, Vic Pedruco holds the

distinction of having started in no less than five International Series finals. Supporting him in the back-ground is relief-hurler Google Marques of the Warriors, also an underarm flinger, whose pitching repertoire consists of a fast ball, a sizzling upshoot and a cranking curve.

On the receiving end of these two mound artists are Reggie Matos, Marcus Souza and George Ribeiro, all solid defences in the hindquarter section.

Regular battery-mate Reggie Matos will probably start off for Portugal as the combination of Pedruco and Matos in the current League has been proven as 'the one to beat'.

Provided that he is off the 'sick list', fleet-footed Stephen Xavier will be sparking the infield four at short with rifle-armed bullhawk Junior Remedios guarding the hot-corner.

The ticklish post at the key-stone will find stars like Hank

Killeen, Ed Loureiro and Artur Ozorio vying for the honour, while the fixture at the initial sack splits duties between sky-scraper Calvin Yvanovich and scrappy Calvin Yvanovich and Joey "S-I-T-C-H" Reis.

Backing up this star-studded first line of defence will be the outfield contingent of Gus Pereira, Tony Gutierrez, Gerry Remedios, Tony Rodrigues, Manuel Nunes and Dickie Chaves.

With an array of stars such as these, mentor Carvalho will have a hard time in the selection and the probable three on Sunday will be steady Josephian Gusie Pereira in the left sector, Hawk gardener Gerry Remedios hugging the fence at right and unfailing bullhawk Tony "Sluggo" Gutierrez in the centre spot.

CHINA'S LINE-UP  
For the China team, manager Cesar Luk has acquired the reliable aids of veterans David Lo and Bill Cheng to run the 'show'.

Without a doubt, the pitching assignment will go to China's foremost hurler, "Goose" Wong, as this lad's windmilling flings on the mound are currently the fastest there are in local pitching circles.

Stepping back into the softball limelight after a long lay-off is peppy Raymond Tao of Panda fame and his unerring mitt will probably be on the receiving end of Wong's tosses on Sunday.

Needless to say, the one man fitted for the hard job at the windy alley is twice MVP winner Y. S. Liang as he sparks the starry infield quartet of indispensable C. M. Tsang at first, Y. K. Chan at the keystone and steady Seldon Ma at the hot-corner.

The fly-chasing trio in the outer gardens will find valuable L. C. Poon at left, teammate P. C. Wong in the centre spot and probably batting Champion H. H. Hsu in the right hand corner.

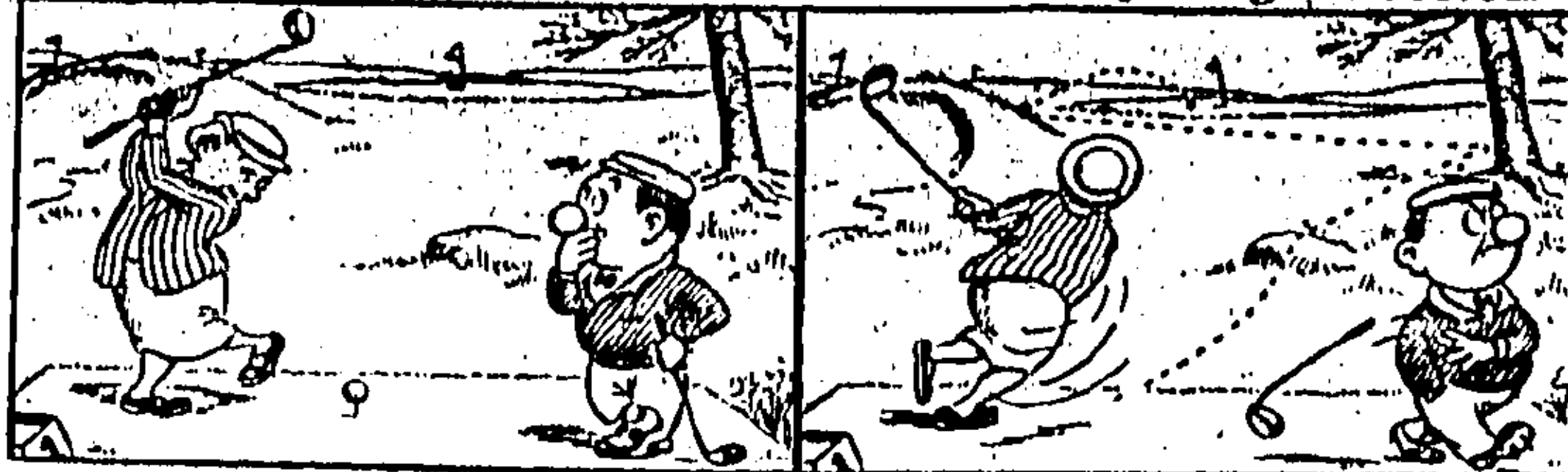
This annual diamond attraction has never failed fans in getting their money's worth as these two formidable teams can always be counted on to put on their best for the promotion of this fast sport.

Sunday's tussle should be no exception to the rule as Portugal's heavier slugger is matched against China's wariness and the outcome, though tipped in favour of the Portuguese lads, is not easy to guess.

For the Ladies' tussle at 2.30 p.m., China will be out in force to garner this game for a loss would mean 'forever' to their Championship hopes as the first encounter was copied by the Portuguese lasses.

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

"QUASH" MAY MAKE A  
10,000 MILES TRIP TO  
FIFA HEADQUARTERS

By I. M. MacTAVISH

QUASH . . . a small word which is nowadays pronounced TROUBLE, but it is spelled . . . DISCONTENT.

It is now obvious from recent developments that the Football Referees' Association in the Colony is not going to accept the recent quashing of charges against players without contesting every aspect of the legality of the matter.

To say that the referees are determined to press for satisfaction is to put the whole thing lightly. At a recent meeting the officials showed a unanimity of purpose that may yet see QUASH making a 10,000 miles double trip to the headquarters of both the Football Association in England and FIFA in Europe.

It is the avowed intention of the referees' Association and the desire of the members that the subject will be aired at the highest international level if complete satisfaction cannot be obtained from the Hongkong Football Association.

In writing this I am not attempting to be provocative or prophetic. I am merely committing to print the bare facts given to me a few days ago by the senior official of the referees' Association. And I have no doubt whatsoever that the whole unfortunate matter will spill far beyond the periphery of the Hongkong soccer sphere if early satisfaction is not obtained.

It is impossible not to feel a sense of sympathy for the referees who consider—with some justification—that the absence of committee members from several constitutionally arranged meetings is in itself a great factor in prejudicing their position in the game as it was a predisposition of the actual quashing of the outstanding charges.

However, there is one point with which most fair-minded sportsmen will agree, and that is that in seeking satisfaction for the referees, the players who were involved originally must not suffer.

It would be contrary to every tenet of justice if at this belated step the cases against the players were re-opened. . . and no doubt these fortunate young men will have a sigh of relief that this is so, particularly in view of the severity of recent suspensions handed out by the Emergency Committee of the HKFA.

It is a matter for regret that this affair should blow up at a time when the Football Association has shown its brave determination to eliminate questionable tactics and foul play from the game in the Colony.

The heavy punishments accorded to offenders who came before the last meeting of the referees' Association shows that this is not an idle threat, and the sentences should act as deterrents to those players who may be tempted to be indiscreet.

The interests of Hongkong football can only be served when there is a feeling of mutual trust and understanding between the officials who sit in committee and those whose job it is to control the games on the field.

On Committees and referees are complementary and reciprocal in their duties and in their responsibilities. The one without the other means very little, and everyone who cares for the progress of our football will hope Exercise QUASH can be investigated and satisfactorily solved within our own boundaries.

Dirty, or even soiled, linen is a poor advertisement for prestige when it is washed in the international backyard. MACAO INTERPORT

The big event on the calendar this week is the Interport game

against our old rivals in Macao. When the Portuguese boys came here last season they found the Hongkong side much too strong for them, but on their own ground and before their own enthusiastic supporters they are a very different proposition indeed.

Those of us who still have vivid memories of the scenes that accompanied and followed Macao's 3-2 victory two years ago know only too well that our representatives are not going to find things easy on Sunday.

The Macao football authorities could be forgiven a feeling of quiet confidence if they thought that our 1956 side was going to turn in as listless a display as that given by their 1954 predecessors.

It was a poor Hongkong effort from a selection that looked strong enough on paper to win easily and the only pleasant memory of the trip to Portuguese Colony is divided almost equally between the brilliance of Augusto Rocha for Macao and the sterling goal-keeping of Granger for Hongkong.

This time neither of these two fine players will be available and our all-Chinese line-up should be good enough to bring back a clear-cut victory, provided of course that our stars have recovered from the shocks they received at the hands and the twinkling feet of Mohun Bagan.

It is a matter for regret that our players are not being taken to Macao much earlier than they are. The arrangements do not give them a real chance to be at their best on Sunday afternoon.

The HKFA would not have been put to any impossible expense if they had arranged to give the players a longer pre-match period in Macao.

The fantastic fluctuations in the form of Hongkong teams this season make it very difficult to attempt any reasonable forecast of how the game will go. Form apparently depends on so many different things.

## ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

On the basis of football ability we should have little difficulty in winning; on the basis of the uncertainty of our form, and the glorious uncertainty of football generally, anything can happen.

In the firm belief that Mohun Bagan was just a bad soccer dream that will not be repeated I take Hongkong to win although I realise that my friends and 'friends' in the Portuguese camp may ask me to make a main course of this column at dinner in Macao on Sunday night. . .

Macao no longer has Augusto Rocha to throw a spanner in the Hongkong works and there is no reason to believe that they have been able to find a replacement of equal standard and ability.

Even if that is true, Hongkong will still go into this particular match on a handicap basis, for the fervent, victorious and demonstrative support which the home team will receive is worth a goal of a start to them.

On the other hand such emotions are capable of a sharp nose dive and a couple of quick goals to Hongkong could change the whole picture.

Whatever the outcome let us hope that the match is played in a spirit of exemplary sportsmanship and that we shall be able to say at the end of the game that it was a 'Hongkong' game.

There is only one person

who is not a Hongkonger

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It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

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To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

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(Signed) .....

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"STAR DETLEKUS"	May 30	May 30	May 31
"STAR ARCTURUS"	June 13	June 13	June 14
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Ship	Sails	Arr. H.K.
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FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC PORTS

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m.s. "HYDRA"	2nd Apr.	2nd Apr.	2nd Apr.
m.s. "HEMOD"	2nd Apr.	2nd Apr.	2nd Apr.
m.s. "HELIOS"	4th Apr.	4th Apr.	4th Apr.

Ship	Sails	Arr. H.K.
m.s. "HAI MENG"	1st Apr.	1st Apr.
m.s. "THORSTRAND"	1st Apr.	1st Apr.
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"TJAPARA"	Djakarta, Semarang & Surabaya	Apr. 11	Apr. 11
"TJILUWANG"	Djakarta, Semarang, Surabaya, Bali & Macassar	Apr. 18	Apr. 18
"TJIPONDOK"	Djakarta, Semarang, Surabaya & Macassar	Apr. 23	Apr. 23
"VAN NECK"	Djakarta, Semarang, Surabaya & Macassar	Apr. 27	Apr. 27
"TJIBODAS"	Djakarta, Semarang, Surabaya & Macassar	May 9	May 9

## STRAITS

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"TJAWANGI"	Singapore	Apr. 3	Apr. 3
"TJAMPENK"	Singapore	Apr. 9	Apr. 9
"TJAPARA"	Singapore	Apr. 10	Apr. 10
"TJILUWANG"	Singapore	Apr. 16	Apr. 16
"TJIPONDOK"	Singapore	Apr. 23	Apr. 23
"VAN NECK"	Singapore	Apr. 27	Apr. 27

## JAPAN

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"TJAWANGI"	Moji, Kobe, Nagoya, Shimizu & Yokohama	Apr. 5	Apr. 5
"TJAMPENK"	Kobe, Yokohama, Nagoya & Yokohama	Apr. 11	Apr. 11
"TJAPARA"	Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya & Yokohama	Apr. 12	Apr. 12
"TJILUWANG"	Moji, Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya & Yokohama	Apr. 12	Apr. 12

## MAURITIUS, S. AFRICA, S. AMERICA

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"STRAAT BALI"	Mauritius, L. Marques, Durban, East London, Port Elizabeth, Capetown	Apr. 10	Apr. 10
"TJIPANAS"	Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo & Buenos Aires	Apr. 10	Apr. 10
"TJITALENGKA"	do	May 22	May 22

## SEYCHELLES, BRITISH EAST AFRICA and BEIRA

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"TJAMPENK"	Mahé, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam & Beira	Apr. 8	Apr. 8
"TJILUWANG"	Mahé, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam & Beira	May 9	May 9
"VAN WAERWICKE"	Mahé, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam & Beira	June 20	June 20

## ARRIVALS FROM:

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
Singapore	In Port	Buoy A-1	"TJAWANGI"
S. Africa	do	do	"TJAMPENK"
S. America, S. Africa	do	do	"TJAPARA"
Japan	do	do	"TJILUWANG"
S. America & S. Africa	do	do	"TJIPONDOK"
China	do	do	"TJAMPENK"
Japan	do	do	"TJAPARA"
Straits	do	do	"TJILUWANG"
Japan	do	do	"TJIPONDOK"
S. Africa	do	do	"VAN NECK"
do	do	do	"TJAWANGI"

## CHINA AND EAST ASIAN LINES

SAILINGS TO EUROPE

"OVERLISEL"  
Loading 6th April, Sailing 7th April, for Aden, Port Said, Oran, Casablanca, Cadix, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Hamburg & Bremen.

## "AMERSKEER"

Sailing approximately 13th April, 1956.

Accepting cargo for Scandinavian & West African Ports with transshipment.

## ARRIVALS FROM EUROPE

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"OUWERKERK"	22nd Feb.	22nd Apr.	10th Apr.
"ABBEKERK"	10th Mar.	10th Apr.	20th Apr.
"HOOGKERK"	22nd Mar.	22nd Apr.	7th May
"RIJCKERK"	5th Apr.	5th Apr.	22nd May

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CHINESE AGENTS: 82, CONNAUGHT RD. C.

Tel: 30767, 31196 & 25132.

# AMERICAN PIONEER LINE

to and from

Atlantic Coast Ports of

the United States

and Far Eastern Ports

MODERN CARGO SHIPS

## ARRIVALS FROM ATLANTIC

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"PIONEER DALE"	Apr. 5	Apr. 5	New York via Japan & Honolulu
"PIONEER LAKE"	Apr. 16	Apr. 16	Philippines
"PIONEER BAY"	Apr. 28	Apr. 28	New York via Japan & Honolulu

## SAILINGS TO NEW YORK, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA

via PANAMA CANAL

Ship	From	Arrives	Sails
"PIONEER DALE"	Apr. 5	Apr. 5	Japan & Honolulu
"PIONEER LAKE"	Apr. 24	Apr. 24	Japan
"PIONEER BAY"	Apr. 28	Apr. 28	Japan & Honolulu



# THE BANK LINE

(CHINA) LIMITED

## ORIENTAL AFRICAN LINE

THE BANK LINE LTD., LONDON

Loading for MAURITIUS, LOURENCO MARQUES, DURBAN, CAPE TOWN and S. AFRICAN PORTS, also BEIRA, B.E.A. PORTS and MOMBASA

M.V. "ROYBANK" Buoy A-11 p.m. Today.  
M.V. "FORREBANK" Buoy A-11 p.m. Today

### Arrivals from AFRICA

M.V. "FORREBANK" 8th Apr.  
M.V. "TWEDBANK" 10th Apr.  
M.V. "CLYDEBANK" 28th Apr.

Loading for KOBE, OSAKA, NAGOYA and YOKOHAMA

## ELLERMAN LINE

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL S.S. CO., LTD.

for LONDON, HAVRE, ANTWERP, ROTTERDAM, HAMBURG, BREMEN, COPENHAGEN and other North Continental Ports via STRAITS, ADEN and PORT SAID

M.V. "CITY OF JOHANNESBURG" 7th Apr.  
S.S. "CITY OF PHILADELPHIA" 25th Apr.  
S.S. "CITY OF MANCHESTER" 18th May  
S.S. "CITY OF MANCHESTER" 22nd May

Accepting cargo for W. Africa with transhipment BULK OIL TANKS AVAILABLE

### Arrivals from U.S.A.

S.S. "CITY OF PHILADELPHIA" In Port Buoy A-2  
S.S. "CITY OF MANCHESTER" 25th Apr.  
S.S. "CITY OF PERTH" 18th May

Loading for KOBE, OSAKA, NAGOYA, SHIMIZU and YOKOHAMA

## KLAVENESS LINE

A. F. KLAVENESS & CO., A/S. OSLO

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Direct to LOS ANGELES in 17 days thence to SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND

M.S. "CASTLEVILLE" At 8 a.m. Buoy A-6 today  
Sailing 5 p.m. today

M.S. "BOUGAINVILLE" 30th Apr.  
M.S. "SUNNYVILLE" 30th May

### Arrivals from PACIFIC COAST

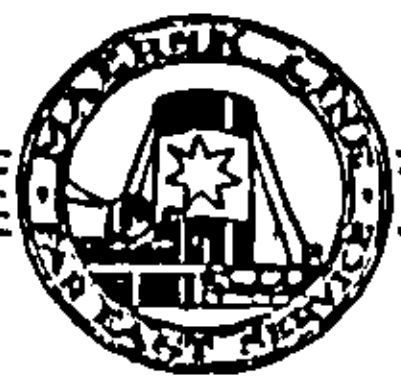
	Sailed	Apr. 12	May 12	June 12
Vancouver	Sailed	Apr. 12	May 12	June 12
Seattle	Sailed	Apr. 15	May 15	June 15
Portland	Sailed	Apr. 18	May 18	June 18
San Francisco	Sailed	Apr. 22	May 22	June 22
Los Angeles	Sailed	Apr. 24	May 24	June 24
Manila	Sailed	Apr. 26	May 26	June 26
Hong Kong	Sailed	Apr. 28	May 28	June 28

Sailing to Singapore, Port Swettenham, Penang and Belawan

M.S. "SUNNYVILLE" 22nd Apr.  
M.S. "FRANCISVILLE" 22nd May

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Accepting Transhipment Cargo on Through Bills of Lading for Central and South America Caribbean and Gulf Ports. Special Strongroom Compartments & Refrigerated Cargo Space.

ARRIVALS FROM U.S.A.  
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M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 7  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 11

SAILINGS TO INDIA, PAKISTAN & P. GULF  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 3  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 7  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 11

ARRIVALS FROM PERSIAN GULF & INDIA  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 3  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 7  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 11

SAILINGS TO JAKARTA, SEMARANG, SOERABAYA, MACASSAR  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 3  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 7  
M.S. "JEFFERSON MAERSK" Apr. 11

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# the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



A SURPRISE BUNNY pops out of the giant-sized Easter egg to wish a Happy Easter to all readers of the Boys and Girls Page.

## A Dry Rod Bloomed To Promise Easter In A Strange Country

FOUR small white blossoms on a thorny shrub! Why should such meagre bloom attract attention?

The blossoms appeared on the Glastonbury Thorn in Washington, D. C., during the visit of Queen Elizabeth II (then Princess Elizabeth) of England, thus confirming the legend that the thorn blossoms at Christmas and "when a king passes by." Although the Washington Thorn is only a cutting planted near St. Alban's school in 1900 by the Right Rev. Henry Gates Satterlee, it seems to follow the legendary pattern of its parent tree in England.



Joseph, weary from his long journey, sat down and thrust the dry rod of the hawthorne tree into the ground.

### PERSECUTED

In Glastonbury, England, the Holy Thorn has been blooming at Christmas and "when a king passes by" for many years. Legend says that the tree was planted there by Joseph of Arimathea.

The good Joseph had been so persecuted since he had helped to lay the broken body of Christ in a tomb at the long ago time of the first Easter that it was no longer safe for him to remain in his homeland. He planned to go aboard one of his merchant ships and sail far away to a new home on the island of Britain, then on the very edge of the world.

After one last look at the home he was leaving, Joseph turned sadly away. Then he noticed the hawthorn tree beside the path. He remembered that the gentle tree was said to have sheltered Christ as he rested in the woods before the crucifixion. On an impulse, Joseph cut and trimmed a staff from the tree's thorny wood. Perhaps it would comfort and aid him on the long and perilous journey.

When the journey ended at Glastonbury in Britain, Saint Joseph thrust the staff into the damp ground while he went about the task of building a new home. When he remembered the staff again, he found that it had taken root in the friendly soil and began to grow! Saint Joseph saw in this a promise that the religion of the crucified Christ would flourish in the new land.

### PROMISED

On Christmas Eve, the hawthorn was covered with bloom in commemoration of Christ's birthday. Surely this was a miracle, the good man thought, for the "new" about the thorn drifted deep. With his friends and neighbours, he fell to his knees and thanked God for the blossom that seemed to promise another Easter in a strange land. Before the thorn had blossomed many times, the story had spread. "Glastonbury Thorn" had become a name for the tree.

and Glastonbury became a place of pilgrimage.

The first mention of the Glastonbury Thorn in a book is found in a quaint volume published in 1722. In Hearn's "History and Antiquities of Glastonbury," the question is debated of whether the thorn did in truth spring from the dry rod planted there by Saint Joseph of Arimathea. "This fact I cannot find proven," the writer concluded, "but beyond all dispute, it must be so."

When Great Britain adopted the Gregorian Calendar in 1753, there was much opposition. When the Glastonbury Thorn failed to bloom on the day the new calendar called Christmas, many persons were confirmed in their refusal to use the new system of arranging the year.

### BLOOMED

Calculating that Christmas according to the old style calendar would fall upon what the Gregorian Calendar called January 5, a large crowd assembled to watch the thorn. When it burst into bloom then, many of the churches around Glastonbury celebrated Christmas according to the thorn rather than according to the calendar.

The Washington thorn required 18 years to come into bloom but since December, 1918, it has regularly unfolded its white blossoms at the Christmas season in a promise of the coming Easter season.

—LEE PRIESTLEY

## Rupert and the Black Circle—7

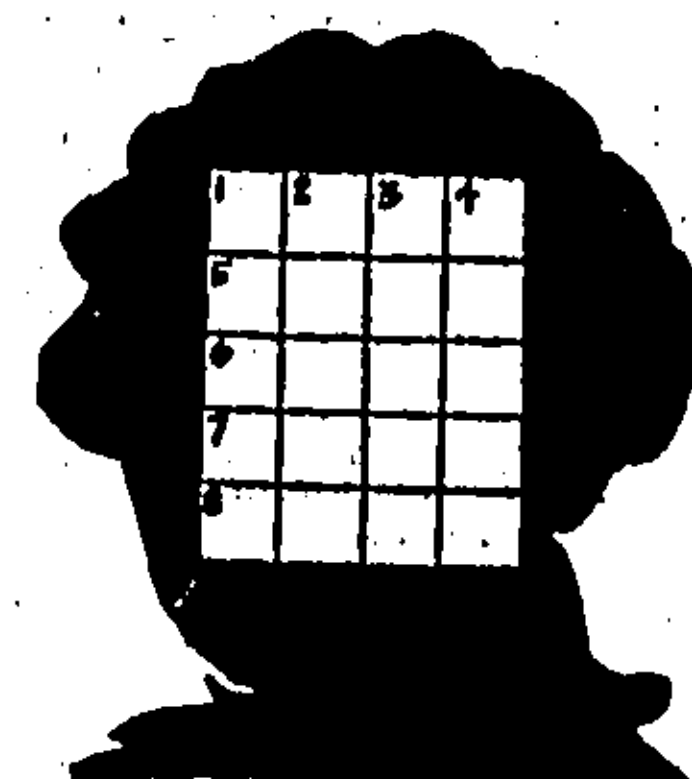


As Rupert expected, he and his friends were much surprised when they found the black cat sitting on the roof of the house. The cat was looking down at them and seemed to be waiting for them. Rupert and his friends were very curious and decided to go and see what the cat was up to.

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has placed today's crossword puzzle on a silhouette of James Monroe:



ACROSS  
1 Joke  
5 State  
6 Simple  
7 Silkworm  
8 Let it stand

### DOWN

1 Monroe's first name  
2 Turn inside out  
3 World  
4 Play host to

### DIAMOND

Monroe's term was known as the "Era of Good FEELING" which makes up the center of this diamond. The second word is "a footlike part"; third "to dress, as feathers"; fifth "a net"; and sixth "a compass point". Complete the diamond from the clues:

F  
E  
E  
L  
I  
N  
G

(Solutions on Page 20)

### MONROE MIX-UPS

Here are three facts about Monroe: First is a member of his family, second something he is famous for, and third what he was when elected President. Just rearrange the letters in each strange line to solve:

HIE ZEAL WET FIB  
CORNER MINED TOO  
RIG VIA INN

### SCRAMBLED MESSAGE

Poor Puzzlemaster got fouled up composing a sentence about James Monroe and hopes you can straighten him out: announced Doctine 2, Monroe famous 1823, his James Decem-ber on

### MONROE REBUS

By using the words and pictures in the rebus, you will soon find the four facts about President James Monroe that the Puzzlemaster has hidden in his rebus:



## Wedding In The Laundry

—An Uninvited Guest Came and Blotched Up the Party—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and General Tin, the Tin Soldier, and everybody else in the house were invited to the wedding. It all took place at night, down in the laundry between the wash-tub and the hot water heater. The bride was a clothespin. The bridegroom was a cake of brown soap.

### Best Clothes

All the other clothespins were there, dressed in their best clothes. Some of them wore big straw hats with flowers and long white dresses. Others wore striped pants with patent leather shoes.

The broom came with all the little whisk brooms and dusters. All the old shoes from the back of the cellar came to the wedding. Some of them had worn-down heels, some of them had holes in their soles. But they were all cheerful and they tripped around and danced and waved their faces and kicked up their toes.

The scrubbing brush came to the wedding. The washboard came and so did the starch and the bluing and the ironing board and the iron.

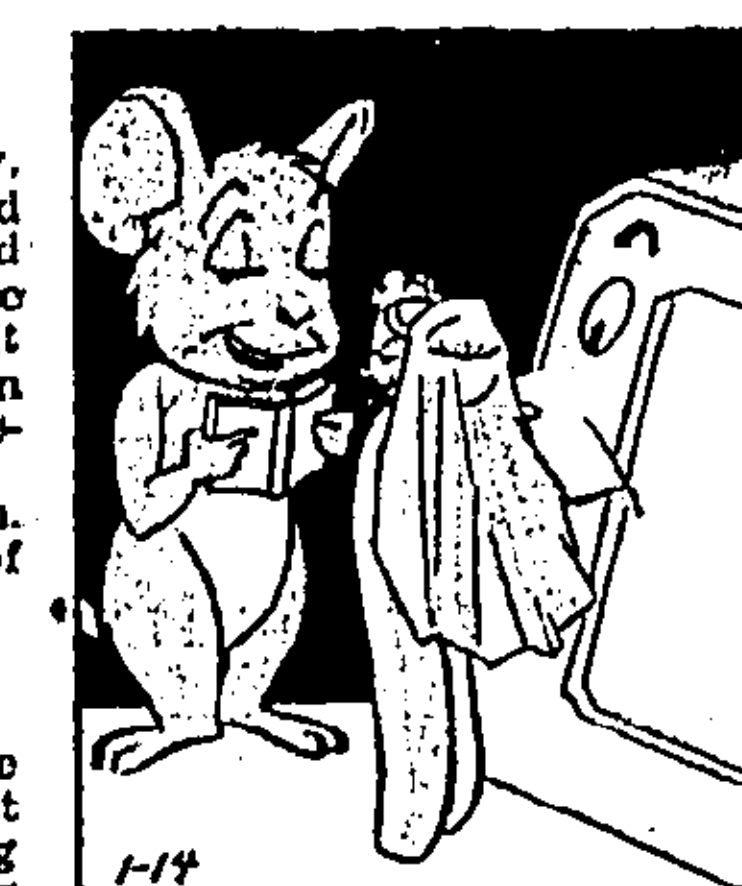
### Old Tea Kettle

The old tea kettle that no one used any more because it had no lid went bumping around, whistling through its spout.

An old grey mouse who was friend to everyone acted as the preacher. He married the clothespin to the cake of brown soap.

Then the wedding party began. Everyone danced to the music of a cricket who played a guitar, a frog who played a saxophone, a chipmunk who played a harp and a sparrow who played a hand organ.

The music was so fast and so lively that the clothespins kept bumping their heads against the ceiling and they had to be



The old grey mouse married Clothespin and Brown Soap.

carried away and put to sleep in the laundry bag.

### Out Of The Way

Knarf danced with the broom which swept everyone out of the way. Hanid danced with a yardstick which had three feet. General Tin, the Tin Soldier, danced with the iron but she kept stepping on his toes.

Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, didn't dance with anyone. He just sat and ate ice cream with a big wooden spoon.

Then an awful thing really happened. The cake of brown soap fell into the sink and nearly melted away. But the soap dish saved him and he was soon dry again.

"Where are the clothespin and the cake of brown soap going to live?" Hanid asked the mouse.

"They're going to live right here in the laundry," said the mouse. "The brown soap will keep on working to make all the clothes clean and bright. The clothespin will keep on working, too. She'll take the wet clothes out to the clothes line and hold them there until they are dry."

### Beautiful Present

The clothespin got a beautiful present. It was a piece of red string tied around her head.

But in the middle of the party when everyone was having the best time, the cat came in and chased the mouse and knocked over everything.

It was the worst thing that could have happened. The clothespin all jumped out of the laundry bag and drove the cat away. Then they fell all over the floor.

The cricket, the frog, the chipmunk and the sparrow all stopped playing their music and ran away. The broom and the yardstick became startled and all ran out of the house. The scrubbing brush, the washboard and the clothespin all tumbled together in a heap.

"What a night the laundry had!" the mouse said. "The clothespin and the cake of brown soap were so happy and so loved that they decided to live together in the laundry. They will be a very happy couple and will keep the laundry clean and bright for ever and ever."

## This Funny World



"His father must be a millionaire. He throws away his lollipop way before he reaches the wood"

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 31

BORN today, you have great natural talents but are a rather restless soul and find it difficult to settle down to any single objective. You must learn that concentration is important in this highly competitive world and through study work comes proficiency and specialization which is important to your future. Although you are good at detail work, you must prefer handling large-scale affairs in which you can see large-scale results. You are apt to get impatient if the progress is too slow. You enjoy seeing your ideas expand and become fact without too much delay.

You have a deep feeling for the arts and, no doubt, will be happiest if your work is connected with art, literature or music. You have exceptional talent and—as with everything else—only need concentrated effort to make it into a real success. Your home probably will reflect your love of beauty and harmony.

You have a great deal of personal charm and magnetism. It is likely that you will have more than one romance in your life before you settle down to wedded life. It is also possible that you will wed more than once.

Among those born on this date are: John La Farge, sculptor; Joseph Haydn, composer; Rene Descartes, philosopher; Edward Fitzgerald, author; William M. Hunt and Gilbert W. Gaul, artists; Victor Varconi, actor; John Hayes Hammond, engineer; and Pope Pius XI.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 1

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Church attendance on this Easter Sunday should bring you a real spiritual uplift.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This can be a romantic day for you. Perhaps a short trip to see someone you love is in prospect.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Join with others in devotional exercises and then perhaps invite the family home for Sunday dinner.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Religion and philosophy should be of special interest to you at this time. An inspirational day, too.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A fine day for all your favoured week-end activities. A social evening can bring real happiness.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Act upon home affairs and see that everything is in proper order on the domestic scene.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There may be an important neighbourhood gathering in which you will be much interested.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Spiritual matters come first this morning and then you may take time for social activities.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—A fine beginning for you for a new month. Take full advantage of opportunities offered.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—Take an optimistic attitude toward life and you will find progress more rapid than usual.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You can increase your popularity by taking part in some community activity for the general good.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Show a spirit of helpfulness and you will be rewarded. You might take someone to church this morning.

BORN today, you have a tremendous will to carry through anything which you begin. Your will-power and concentration are beyond the average and these characteristics will be of great assistance to you in carrying out your major objective in life, whatever it may be. The stars have given you many talents. It is up to you to discover early in life what you want to do, and then follow through.

You have considerable energy and a magnetic personality. Your presence is always felt, no matter where you are and what you find it easy to persuade others to follow your lead. Be sure that you are always held high.

You have a keen feeling for analysis and are always observing everything with a highly critical eye. Be sure that this does not disintegrate into fault-finding. That can be quite disagreeable. On the other hand, making a constructive suggestion when you criticize puts you in the position of influencing the trend of affairs and you are making people like you.

You and your air are a little more emotional than you should be and may find life more difficult unless you learn emotional control. You will be happiest if you wed quite early in life, for you will find that the happiness of having your home is essential to complete contentment, no matter what type of career you may attempt to pursue.

Among those born on this date are: Anna Fitzg, singer; Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck, statesman; William Harvey, scientist; Sergei Rachmaninoff, composer-pianist; Laurette Taylor, actress; Wallace Beery and Lon Chaney, actors; and Henry B. Anthony, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 2

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—This is a fine day to get exactly what you want in business or in the arts and professions.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—An active time for all your activities, especially in the realm of romance and the arts.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Business and financial matters may need your attention. Get everything cleared away by noon.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Your friends may play an important part in your business or financial matters.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Develop a new, inventive idea. You may find that you have a great deal of time for your own personal development.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—An early start this morning will be of great help to you in your work.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A new contact at the office may open new vistas for you. Make the most of these opportunities now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Mechanical and electrical projects are favoured. An engineering project should work out well.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Be original in your solution of some business problem and you may solve it easily.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—This is your really big day of the month, so get things started at top speed for rapid progress.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Social and business affairs develop a new, inventive idea. You may find that you have a great deal of time for your own personal development.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—An early start this morning will be of great help to you in your work.







